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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

NO 19
MAY

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SPINE-
TINGLING ★★
STORIES
of the
SUPERNATURAL ★



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GIVEN!

ACT NOW MAIL COUPON!

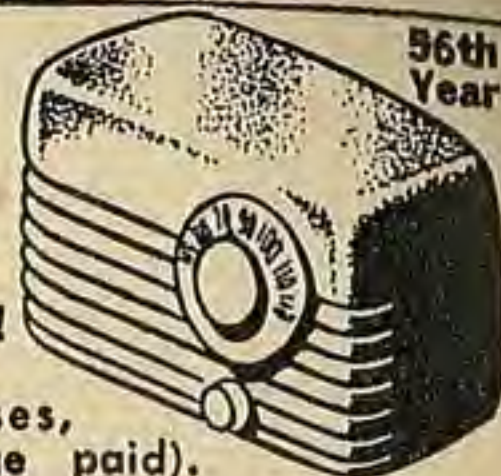
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!



WE ARE RELIABLE!

Candid Cameras with Carrying Cases, Radios (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.



56th Year



OUR 56th YEAR

Boys! Girls! Ladies! Men!



Lovable Dolls over 15" high, Cub Fishing Outfits, Genuine 22 Cal. Rifles, Daisy Air Rifles (sent postage paid). Give pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE sold at 25c a box (with picture) and remit per catalog sent with order to start. It's fun! Easy! We trust you! Begin at once!

BE FIRST



Boys-Girls Bicycles (sent express charges collect). Mail coupon to start.

Pocket Watches, Wrist Watches, Baseballs, Bats (sent postage paid). Other Premiums or Cash easily yours. To start, mail coupon for White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE and Pictures easily sold to friends, relatives, neighbors at 25c a box (with picture).



YOUR BIG CHANCE!

NO MONEY NOW

LOOK!



START TODAY!



Footballs, Basketballs (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

Ukuleles, Jewelry, Watches (sent postage paid). Mail coupon to start.

BIG CATALOG!

Alarm Clocks, Pen and Pencil Sets, Bibles, Billfolds, Telescopes, Roller Skates, Blankets, Aluminum Ware, Record Players, Movie Machines (sent postage paid). Rush coupon to start!

WE ARE RELIABLE

MAIL NOW!

Wilson Chem. Co. Dept. 27, Tyrone, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 13 colorful art pictures with 13 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 25c a box (with picture.) I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

Name..... Age.....

St..... RD..... Box.....

Town..... Zone No..... State.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today



I'M TIRED OF PLAYING PIRATES! WE NEVER FIND ANY TREASURE ANYWAY-

ME TOO!



HI, KIDS! LOOKIT TH' SWELL NEW WATCH I EARNED, SELLING WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE!



-AN' I'M WORKING FOR A BIKE NOW!

SAY, BETTY, THAT BEATS DIGGING FOR PIRATE TREASURE! LET'S SEND IN THOSE COUPONS!



GOLLY! THIS SALVE SURE SELLS FAST! NOW LETS CALL ON MRS. BROWN-

IT'S FUN!



--AND WITH EACH PURCHASE OF WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE, YOU GET A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



GEE! SHE BOUGHT 2 BOXES! YOU'LL HAVE YOUR DOLL IN NO TIME, BETTY-

-AND YOU'LL SOON HAVE YOUR FOOTBALL, JIM-



YES, KIDS, IT'S EASY TO EARN THESE PREMIUMS! TO START, JUST MAIL IN THIS COUPON--

The HOWLING HEAD



LATE ONE GLOOMY AFTERNOON---

I'LL SAY **THIS** MUCH ABOUT THE ROAD TO SUNSET GLEN, CYNTHIA---WE HAVEN'T BEEN HELD UP BY TRAFFIC!

CAN'T YOU GUESS **WHY?** PEOPLE ARE **AFRAID** TO COME HERE---AND WHAT'S MORE, SO AM I!

LOOK, HONEY---IT'S TRUE THE PAPERS HAVE PLAYED UP THE LURID FACT THAT THE BODIES OF THE LAST TWELVE PEOPLE TO DIE IN SUNSET GLEN DISAPPEARED BEFORE BURIAL! BUT I BELIEVE IT'S A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE THAT CAUSES A FORM OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FOLLOWED BY AMNESIA---AND THAT THESE SUPPOSEDLY DEAD PEOPLE MERELY RECOVERED LONG ENOUGH TO WANDER OFF!

TOM...BE TRUTHFUL! YOU'VE BEEN A DOCTOR FOR TWO YEARS...HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF ANY SUCH DISEASE?

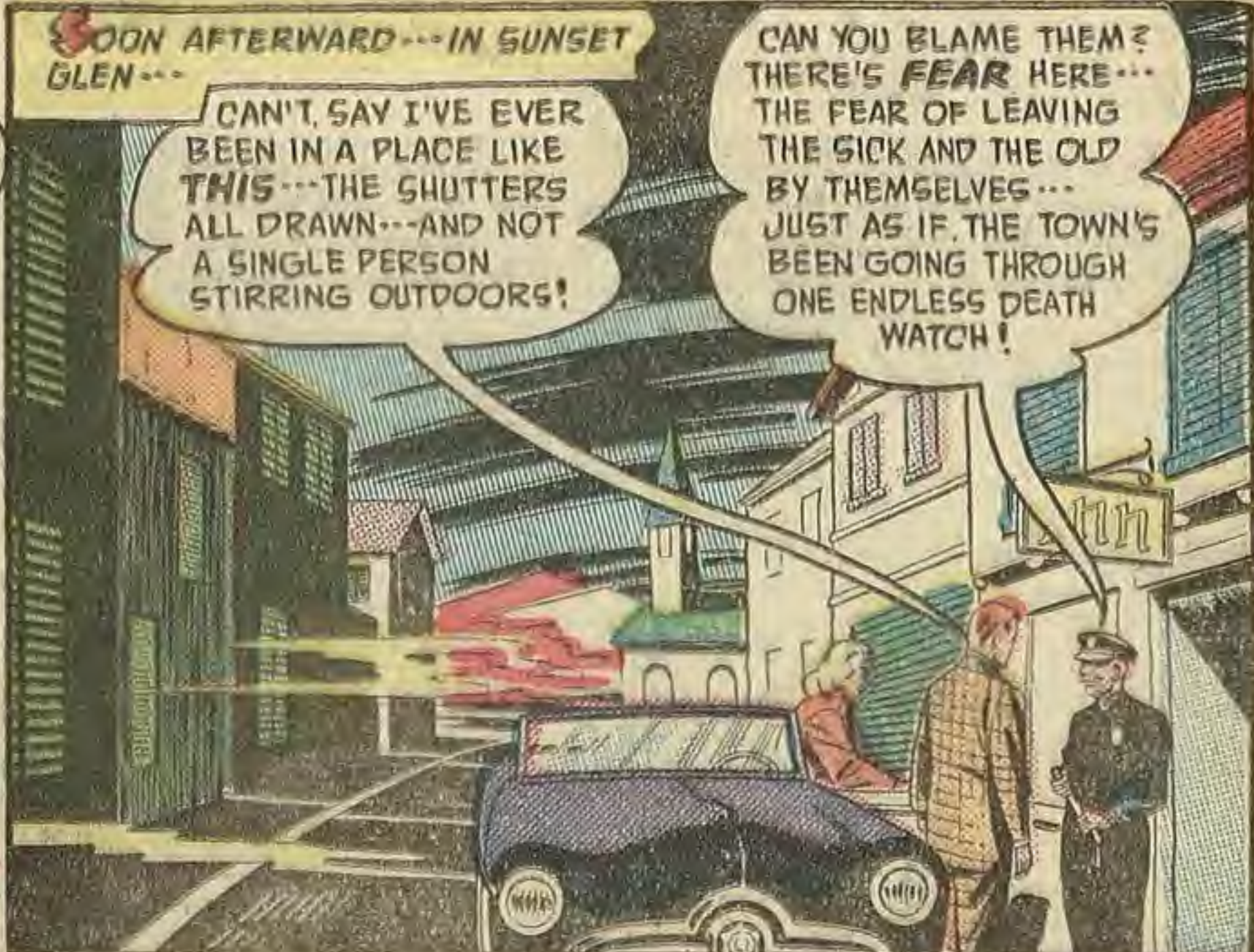
NO...AND **THAT'S** WHY IT'S MY DUTY AS A DOCTOR TO LOOK INTO IT! BABY, I'VE EXAMINED MANY A CORPSE DURING MY MEDICAL TRAINING, AND YOU CAN TAKE MY WORD FOR IT... **THEY DON'T WALK!**



SOON AFTERWARD...IN SUNSET GLEN...

CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER BEEN IN A PLACE LIKE **THIS**...THE SHUTTERS ALL DRAWN...AND NOT A SINGLE PERSON STIRRING OUTDOORS!

CAN YOU BLAME THEM? THERE'S **FEAR** HERE... THE FEAR OF LEAVING THE SICK AND THE OLD BY THEMSELVES... JUST AS IF THE TOWN'S BEEN GOING THROUGH ONE ENDLESS DEATH WATCH!



WELL, DOC...HERE'S THE KEY TO **LUPUS HALL!** WISH WE COULD PUT YOU UP IN MORE CHEERFUL SURROUNDINGS...BECAUSE THE PLACE HASN'T BEEN OCCUPIED SINCE ITS LAST OWNER DIED EXACTLY A HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

HOW COME? DID HIS BODY DISAPPEAR, TOO?

NOPE...JUST HIS **HEAD!** MAYBE IT'S JUST A LOT OF FIRE-SIDE TALK...BUT FOLKS ALWAYS SAID THAT LUPUS HAD BEEN TORN APART BY A **MONSTER WOLF!**



Then...WHILE SKIMMING BATS BRUSH THE DEEPENING GREY OF EVENING...

MONSTER WOLF! HONEY...THIS PLACE IS **CRAWLING** WITH SUPERSTITION!

YES...AND IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE YOUR **FLESH CRAWL!** THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE **SEEN** THESE THINGS DON'T TALK ABOUT SUPERSTITION, TOM...AND I WONDER WHETHER **WE** WILL...AFTER TONIGHT!



CYNTHIA, THERE'S NO USE DWELLING ON NAMELESS HORRORS! TRY TO GET THEM OUT OF YOUR MIND...AND THINK OF HAPPIER THINGS!

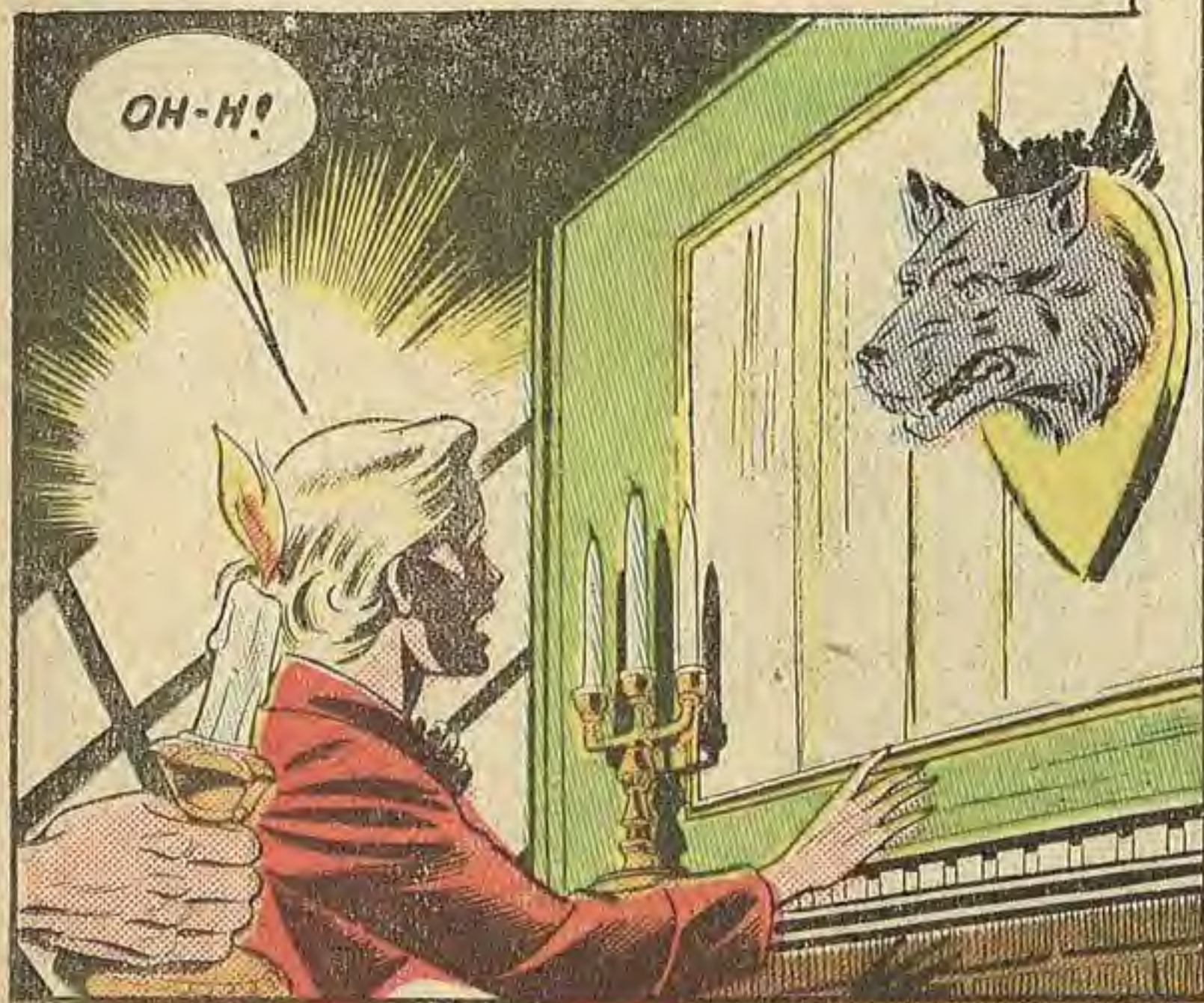
DO YOU THINK **THAT'S** SO HARD TO DO, DARLING...WHEN WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED NEXT WEEK?



A MOMENT LATER... JUST STAND STILL A SECOND, HONEY...AND I'LL GET THE CANDLES LIT SO WE CAN LOOK THINGS OVER!

AND TOM...**HURRY!** I DON'T WANT TO SOUND SCARED AGAIN...BUT I'VE GOT THE FUNNIEST FEELING THAT SOMETHING'S LOOKING OVER **ME!**





A HALF-HOUR LATER...



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

THERE'S SOMETHING HERE
...I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING BUT
DARKNESS...BUT IT'S DARK-
NESS THAT **MOVES**...AS IF
IT'S TAKING SHAPE!



RELUCTANTLY...THE QUIVERING CANDLE FLAME PICKS
OUT A LOOMING FORM!

OH, GOOD HEAVENS...
LUPUS! A THING WITHOUT
LIFE...AND WITHOUT
A HEAD!



YES, I AM LUPUS...RETURNING
AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS TO
CLAIM THE SPIRITS OF THE
UNBURIED DEAD! THEY ARE
RESISTING, THOSE TWELVE WHO
ANSWERED MY SUMMONS...THEY
ARE TRYING TO KEEP ME IN MY
GRAVE...BUT THEIR DOOM
IS CLOSE! BEFORE THE MOON
SETS, A **THIRTEENTH** CORPSE
WILL RISE AT MY BIDDING...



...AND THEN THEY WILL
BECOME **WEREWOLVES**
FOREVER!



THAT BLACK THING...
HE'S AFTER ME!
...OH! I
TRIPPED...



CRASH!

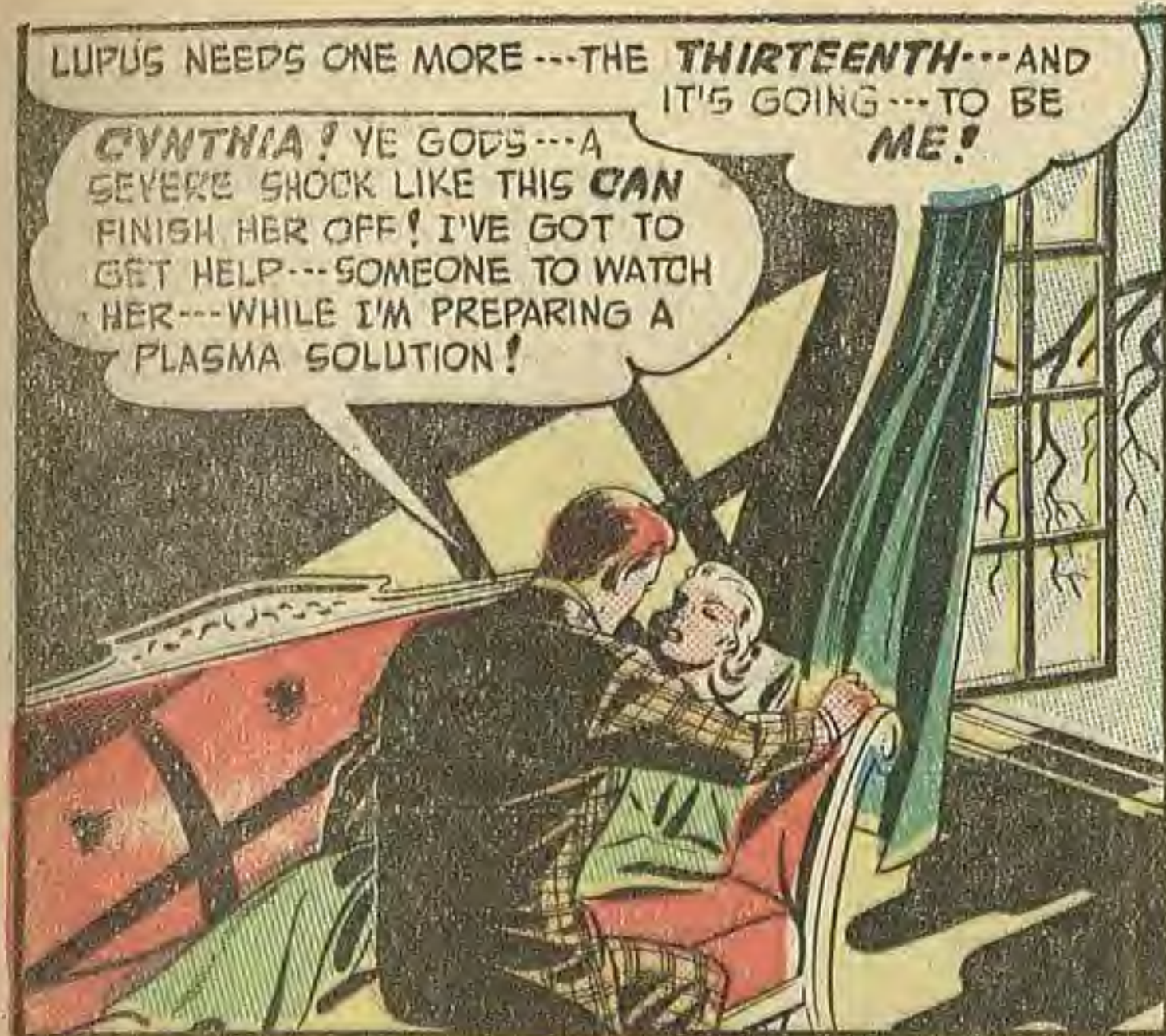


A MOMENT LATER...

CYNTHIA...**WHAT**
HAPPENED?
WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO
TELL ME ABOUT
LUPUS?

THE WOLF'S EYES...GLEAMED
BECAUSE...**HE** WAS CLOSE!
TOM, THEY'RE GOING TO BE
LIKE **HIM**...WEREWOLVES
...AS SOON AS HE MAKES
...**ANOTHER** CORPSE
WALK!





LUPUS NEEDS ONE MORE ---THE **THIRTEENTH**---AND IT'S GOING---TO BE **ME!**

CYNTHIA! YE GODS---A SEVERE SHOCK LIKE THIS **CAN** FINISH HER OFF! I'VE GOT TO GET HELP---SOMEONE TO WATCH HER---WHILE I'M PREPARING A PLASMA SOLUTION!



I'M GETTING A BREAK! I DON'T KNOW WHAT PEOPLE WOULD BE DOING IN THE DARK AT **THIS** HOUR---BUT THERE'S A SMALL GROUP OF THEM OUTSIDE!



I'M A DOCTOR---AND I NEED HELP FAST! THERE'S A GIRL DYING INSIDE!



WITH ITS GHOSTLY FEATURES SHROUDED BY THE MIDNIGHT MIST---

NO ONE MUST DIE **HERE!** TAKE HER AWAY---**TAKE HER AWAY!**

THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I PLAN TO DO! THE PLACE HAS MADE HER A NERVOUS WRECK---IT'S GOT HER TERRIFIED BY WOLF'S EYES AND A HEADLESS MONSTER!



LUPUS!

WE GOT HERE TOO LATE---HE'S ESCAPED!



IN THE NEXT INSTANT---AS A WEIRD FLASH BRIGHTENS THE MURKY MOONLIGHT---

GOOD LORD---THEY'RE GONE!



IN A BOUNDING RUSH...



LUPUS! YE GODS... THEN THOSE FIGURES I SAW OUTSIDE MUST BE THE **TWELVE WALKING DEAD**... TRYING TO PREVENT YOU FROM LEAVING YOUR GRAVE!

THEY FAILED... AND YOU WILL FAIL! DEATH WILL STALK IN THIS HOUSE TONIGHT... AND THIRTEEN WEREWOLVES WILL FOLLOW ME AT DAWN!



AS THE HIDEOUS BLACK SHAPE POUNCES...

TOM...
TOM... BE
CAREFUL!

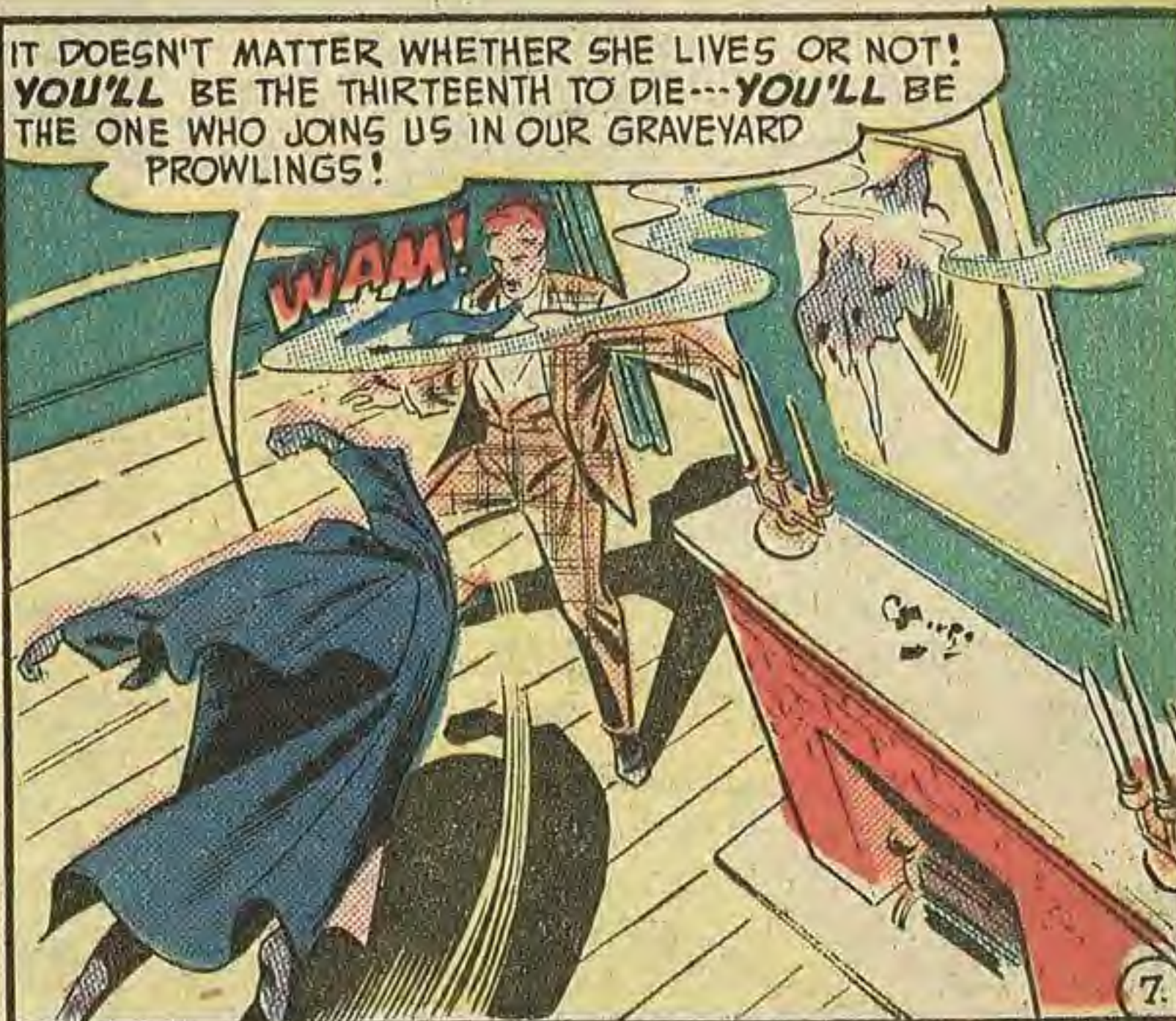


IN A DESPERATE STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COLD, UNEARTHLY CLUTCH...

DON'T WORRY, CYNTHIA! NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS... THIS CACKLING CREEP ISN'T GOING TO GET YOU!... HERE GOES WITH THAT BOTTLE...



IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER SHE LIVES OR NOT! YOU'LL BE THE THIRTEENTH TO DIE... YOU'LL BE THE ONE WHO JOINS US IN OUR GRAVEYARD PROWLINGS!



AND WHO'S TO LEAD US...**YOU?** LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO YOUR GLINTING EYES AND POINTED FANGS...WHILE THE **ACID** I THREW SEARS THROUGH THEM!

AAAAGH... MY HEAD! IT'S DISAPPEARING... BIT BY BIT!

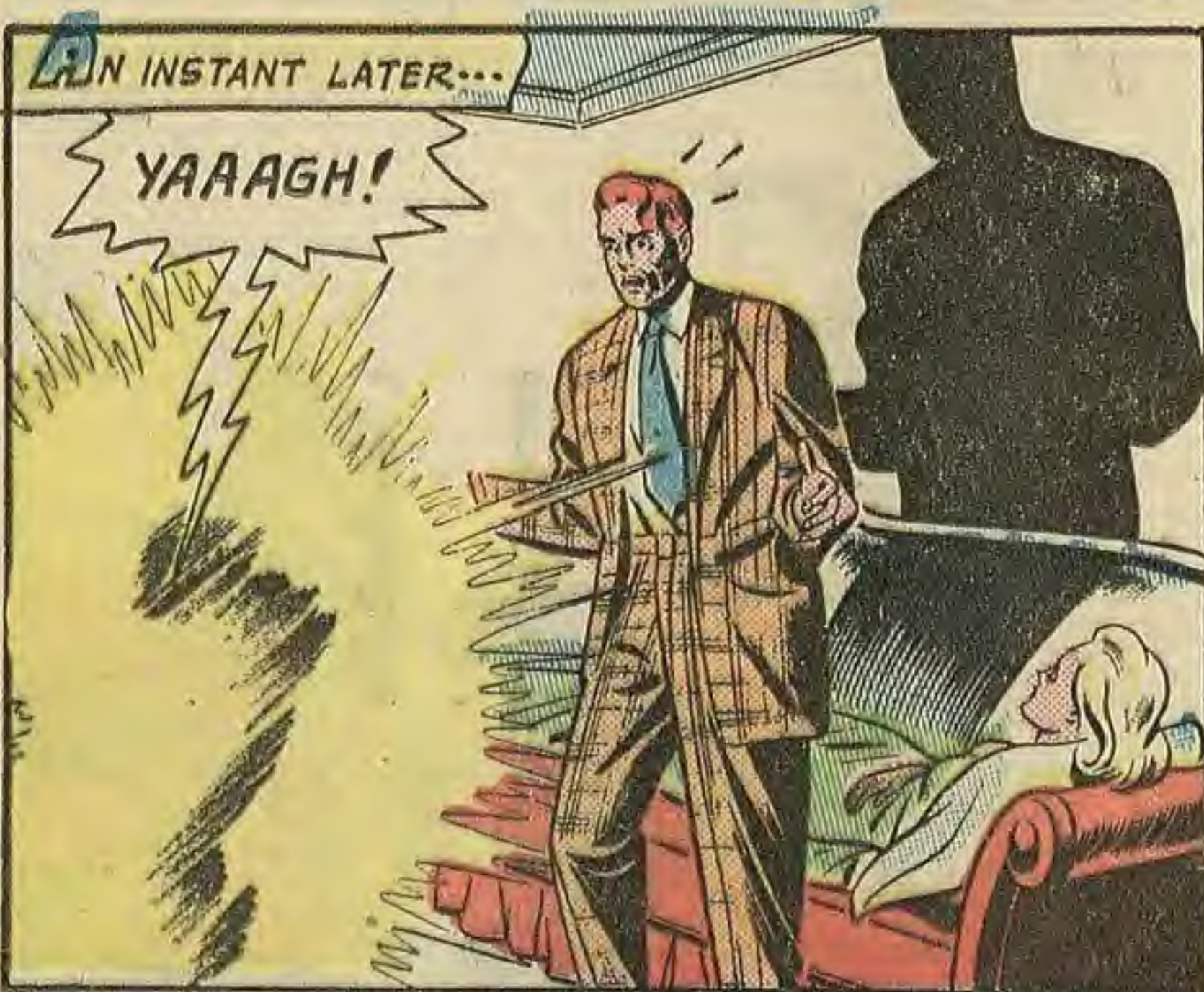


HAVEN'T YOU NOTICED YOUR **STRENGTH** FADING TOO...SECOND BY SECOND? THE THIRTEENTH CORPSE WILL BE **YOURS**, LUPUS...AND YOUR RETURN TO DEATH WILL FREE THE SOULS YOU CLAIMED!



RUN INSTANT LATER...

YAAAGH!



CYNTHIA! EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT, HONEY...YOU'VE GOT TO REMAIN QUIET!

I PROMISE I WILL, TOM! BUT THE NIGHT SEEMS SO PEACEFUL NOW THAT I WANT JUST ONE LOOK AT THE MOON-LIGHT...TO SHOW MYSELF THAT THERE'S NO LONGER ANY NEED TO BE AFRAID!



TOM...LOOK! DON'T YOU SEE THEM **NOW?**



TWELVE OF THEM...THE DEAD THAT LUPUS TRIED TO CHANGE INTO HOWLING FIENDS!

THAT WILL NEVER HAPPEN, HONEY... BECAUSE HE'S LOST HIS HOWLING HEAD! THOSE THINGS DOWN THERE ARE THE HARMLESS SPIRITS RELEASED WHEN LUPUS DIED FOR GOOD...AND THEIR **BODIES** ARE BACK WHERE THEY SHOULD BE...READY FOR THE EARTH!



The SPECTRAL STORM SHIP

NEW YORK IN THE EARLY 1600'S WAS INHABITED BY DUTCH SETTLERS, DEPENDENT UPON THE VITAL SUPPLIES THAT CAME IN THE MONTHLY SHIP FROM EUROPE...WHO WERE UNDERSTANDABLY WORRIED AFTER AN UNUSUALLY SEVERE STORM ONE DAY...

THE SUPPLY SHIP IS LONG OVERDUE... IT MUST HAVE BEEN SUNK IN THE STORM AT SEA!

WAIT! I THINK I SEE SAILS AGAINST THE HORIZON!

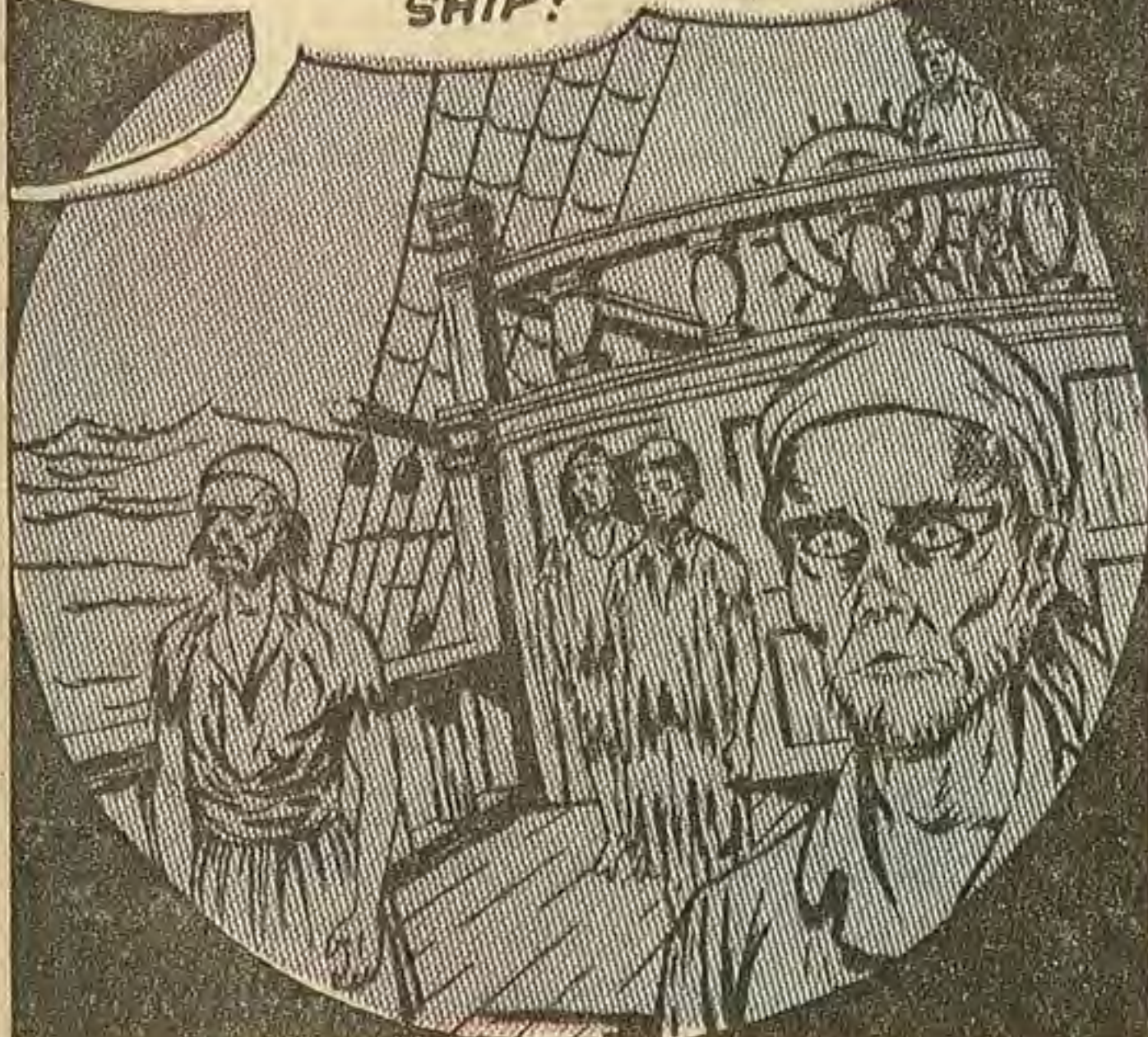


YES...IT'S OUR SUPPLY SHIP! IT'S A MIRACLE IT SURVIVED THE STORM!

HMM...AND IT IS ALSO A MIRACLE THAT IT SAILS UP THE HUDSON AGAINST BOTH WIND AND CURRENT! FETCH A SPYGLASS...LET ME SEE WHY IT HAS THAT STRANGE, GHOSTLY HALO AROUND IT!



THE...THE SAILORS STAND MOTIONLESS AT THEIR STATIONS...THE SHIP'S SAILING WITHOUT HUMAN GUIDANCE! IT...IT'S A GHOST SHIP!



A BOAT WAS QUICKLY MANNED AND PUT OUT TO INTERCEPT THE STRANGE VESSEL, BUT...

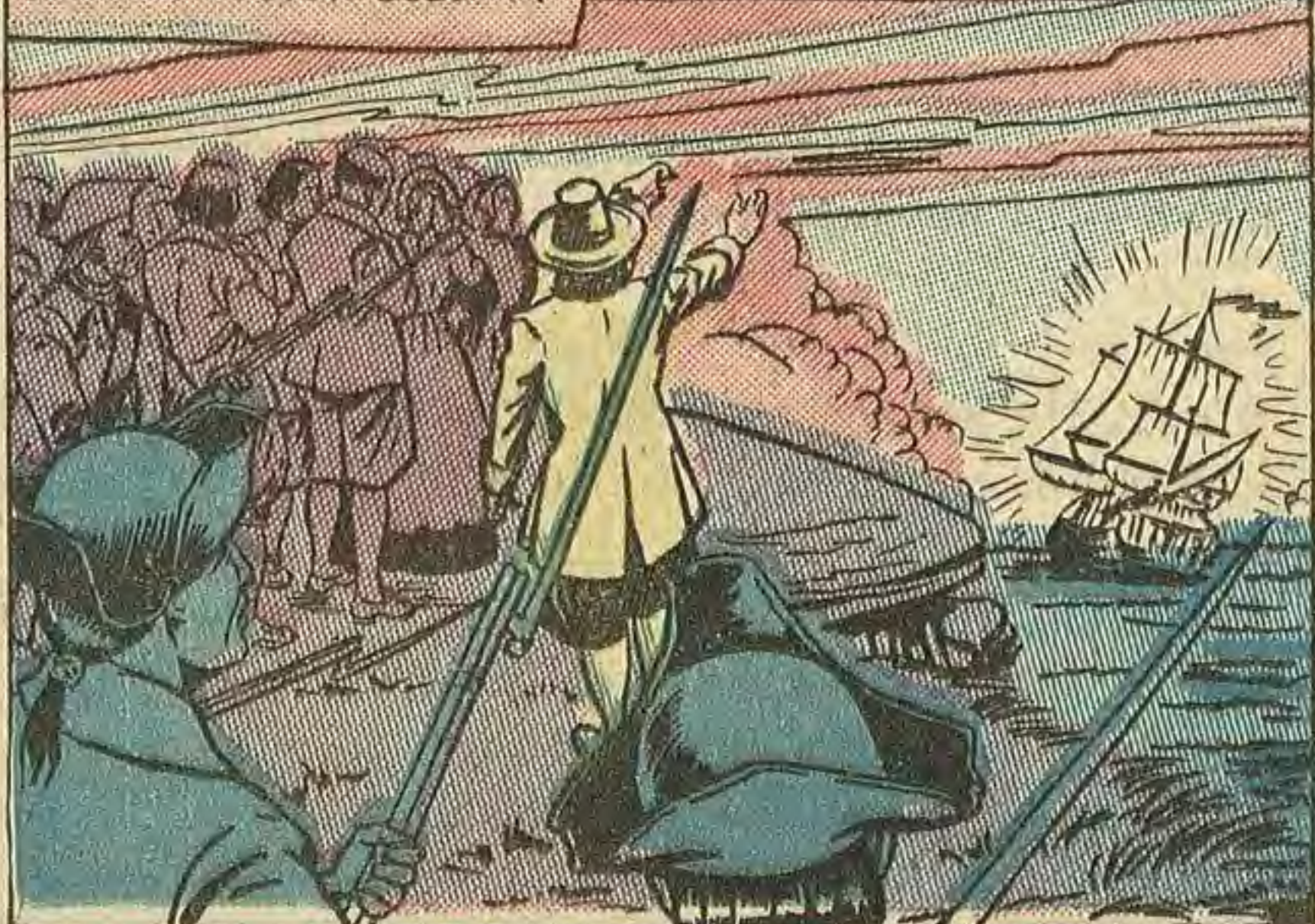
IT...IT IS A SPECTRAL SHIP! NO MATTER HOW HARD WE ROW, WE GET NO CLOSER TO IT...AS IF SOME STRANGE FORCE KEEPS US FROM IT!



THE WEIRD GHOST SHIP VANISHED INTO THIN AIR! BUT AFTER THIS, SHE WAS OFTEN GLIMPSED SAILING UP THE HUDSON, FOLLOWING UNUSUALLY SEVERE STORMS...AND WAS SOON NAMED "THE STORM SHIP"!



IT WAS LAST SEEN ON NOV. 9TH, 1674, THE DAY THE DUTCH SETTLERS SURRENDERED TO OVERWHELMING BRITISH FORCES!...THE HOLLANDERS WAVED IT A FAREWELL, FEELING THAT THEIR SPECTRAL STORM SHIP WOULD NEVER AGAIN APPEAR, NOW THAT NEW YORK WAS NO LONGER A DUTCH COLONY!



Strange DAY

HENRY LIGHTFIELD'S day started out strangely from the very beginning.

He didn't even remember waking up, or getting out of bed. The first thing he knew, he was going through the automatic motions of shaving, dressing and eating, being careful as usual not to make any noise that would awaken his wife this early in the morning. Then he was walking through the early dawn to the subway station, on his way to the same newspaper linotyping job he'd held for forty years.

And it was at the station that the next peculiar thing happened. Timmy, the regular newsboy, wasn't there...and instead, an incredibly old and wizened man, looking as old as Father Time himself, was handing him his newspaper and saying, "Good eternity, Mr. Lightfield!"

A dozen questions popped into Henry's mind. How did this stranger know his name, what did he mean by that eternity nonsense, why did...? But before Henry could ask any of them, the subway commuters behind him were pressing him forward down the stairs, and Henry could only give in to the irresistible tide that swept him right down to the station platform.

When a train pulled in moments later, Henry was shoved and pushed through the door by the surging mob, and he angrily wondered why all the passengers seemed to have lost their manners today... for they were all pushing him around, almost as if he didn't even exist.

Irritably, Henry hung onto a strap with one hand, and began reading the *Morning Blade*. He started methodically as he always did, right from the date at the top of the page...March 30, 1951...but a sudden lurch of the train sent a heavy, burly fellow-passenger crashing into him. The man went right on reading his newspaper, as if nothing at all had happened, as if

he hadn't almost knocked Henry down... and Henry was about to make some angry comment about the man's lack of manners when his eye was suddenly caught by the dateline on the man's newspaper... March 29, 1951.

"You unmannerly idiot," Henry said loudly to the man. "Not only don't you have the sense to apologize when you almost knock someone down...but you don't even have the intelligence to know that you're reading *yesterday's* newspaper!"

The man ignored him...as if Henry had never even spoken.

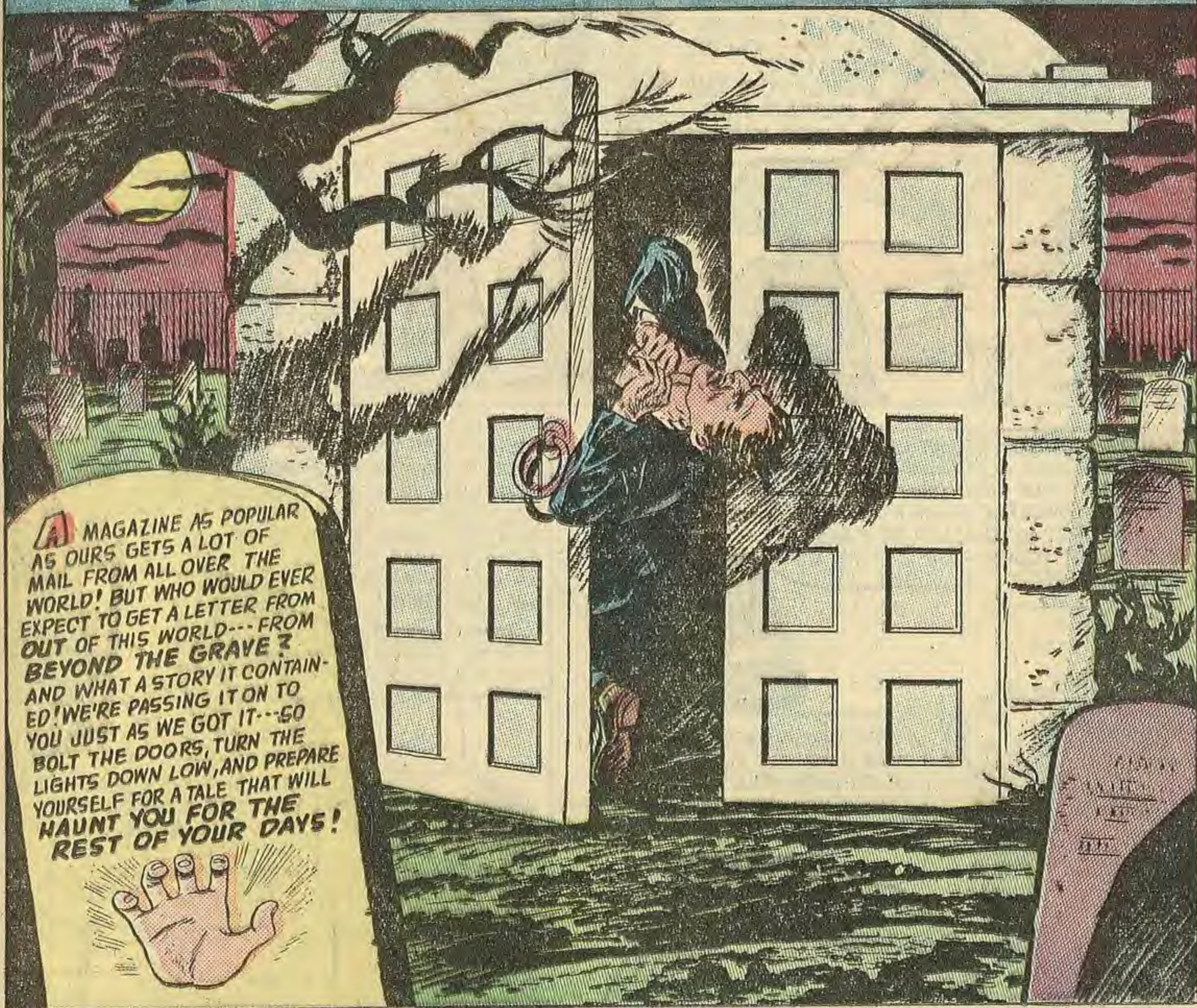
Exasperated, Henry looked around at the other passengers. And then his eyes went wide in astonishment, as he noticed that everyone else was reading a day-old newspaper. "What's wrong with all of you?" Henry shouted. "Don't you know you're all reading yesterday's papers?"

Everyone ignored him. Henry realized suddenly that perhaps his voice was weaker than usual today, perhaps no one could hear him over the screech and clatter of the train...and he was about to shout at the top of his voice to gain their attention, when he remembered the strange old man who'd given him his newspaper. Could it be that this *was* March 29th, and that he alone had been given tomorrow's newspaper? Henry shrugged off the thought as being too ridiculous even to consider... but his curiosity was aroused now, and he began leafing through the paper.

On the obituary page, an item caught Henry's shocked eyes...an item that began, "Henry Lightfield, 67, a linotyper for this newspaper for forty years, died in his sleep last night..."

At last Henry knew why no one seemed to see or hear him...and he knew also that Father Time had tried to break the news gently by giving tomorrow's newspaper to the spirit of Henry Lightfield.

The HANDS of HORROR

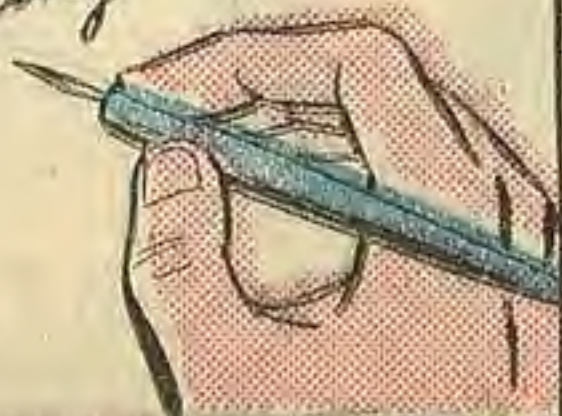


A MAGAZINE AS POPULAR AS OURS GETS A LOT OF MAIL FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD! BUT WHO WOULD EVER EXPECT TO GET A LETTER FROM OUT OF THIS WORLD... FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE? AND WHAT A STORY IT CONTAINED! WE'RE PASSING IT ON TO YOU JUST AS WE GOT IT... SO BOLT THE DOORS, TURN THE LIGHTS DOWN LOW, AND PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TALE THAT WILL HAUNT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS!



To the Editor:

This is to let the whole world know the true story of how I, Henri Froissart, was murdered by a grave-robbing madman... and of how he ghoulishly stole and used my greatest possession to enhance his own fame! But you're probably wondering how a dead man can be writing this letter... so let me start from the beginning...



"...YOU KNOW WHO I AM, OF COURSE... EVERYONE HAS HEARD OF HENRI FROISSART, THE GREATEST SCULPTOR FRANCE EVER PRODUCED! BUT YOU PROBABLY DON'T KNOW OF THE INTENSE RIVALRY BETWEEN ME AND PIERRE LAMAITRE... WHEN WE WERE BOTH YOUNG PROTEGES OF PROF. RAMEAU..."

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE THAT TWO SUCH GENIUSES SHOULD APPEAR IN THE SAME GENERATION! UNBELIEVABLE AND UNFORTUNATE... FOR I CAN SEE THAT YOU TWO WILL BE RIVALS TO THE DEATH!





YOU, PIERRE, HAVE A GREATER IMAGINATIVE VISION...YOU HAVE THE BREADTH AND SCOPE OF MICHAELANGELO HIMSELF! YOU WORK ON THE GRAND SCALE, AND I PREDICT THAT YOUR MASSIVE STATUES WILL MAKE YOU THE **GREATEST SCULPTOR THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN!**



AND YOU, HENRI, ARE ALSO A GENIUS! BUT **YOURS** IS THE GENIUS OF INTRICATE DETAIL AND DELICATE LINE...THE GENIUS OF A SUPERB CRAFTSMAN! FOR YOU, I PREDICT A FUTURE SECOND ONLY TO PIERRE'S!

"AFTER THE PROFESSOR LEFT..."

YOUR PUNY LITTLE SCULPTURES WILL ALWAYS BE DWARFED BY MY TOWERING, MAGNIFICENT WORKS! AND MY **FAME** WILL DWARF YOURS...YOU'LL ALWAYS BE SECOND-BEST!



THE PROFESSOR THINKS YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A GENIUS...BUT PIERRE, I THINK YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A **MADMAN!**



YOU'VE CONSIDERED ME A RIVAL EVER SINCE WE WERE BOYS! YOU'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO OUTDO ME...AND I PREDICT THAT YOUR OBSESSION TO BE GREATER THAN ME WILL EVENTUALLY DRIVE YOU **INSANE!**

HA, HA...YOU'RE JEALOUS! YOU CAN'T WORK ON THESE COLOSSAL, SWEEPING PROJECTS! YOU CAN'T MAKE MASSIVE STROKES LIKE THIS ONE...**WATCH!**



A SINGLE BLOW WILL STRIKE OFF EXACTLY ENOUGH TO COMPLETE THE NECK...**OHhh!**...I...I STRUCK TOO HARD!

CLUNK!



IT...IT'S ALL **RUINED!** HALF A YEAR'S WORK...UTTERLY DESTROYED! AND IT...IT'S ALL **YOUR FAULT!**...I'LL **KILL YOU FOR THIS!**

CRASH!

I'LL...STRANGLE
... YOU!

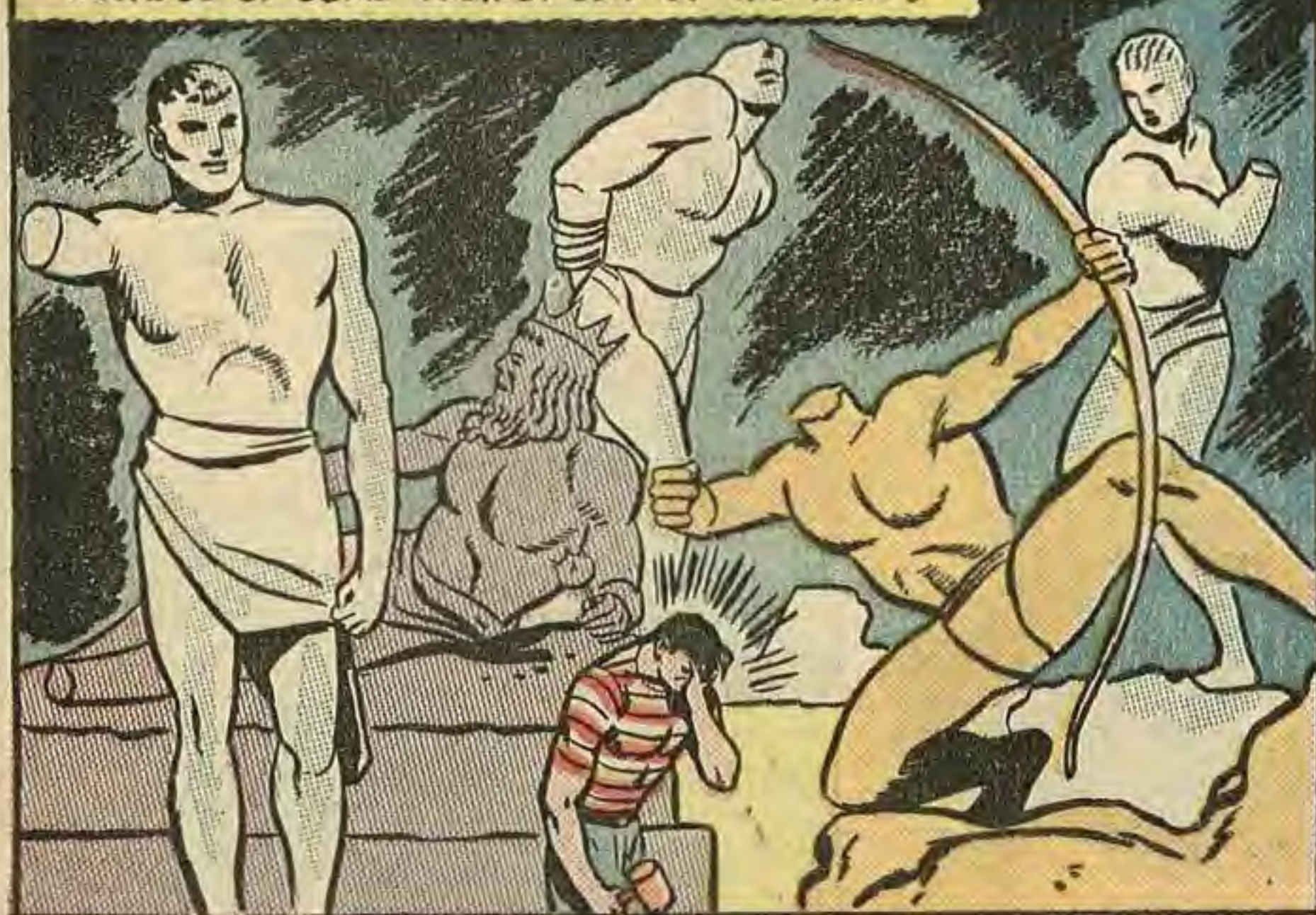
STOP, YOU FOOL! LOOK
AT YOUR HANDS...AND YOU'LL
SEE WHY IT WAS ALL YOUR FAULT!
THEY'RE THE THICK, ROUGH HANDS
OF A QUARRY-DIGGER...WITH
SHORT, STUBBY FINGERS THAT
WILL ALWAYS BE COMMITTING
SUCH CLUMSY BLUNDERS!

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE A FAILURE...
BECAUSE YOU LACK DELICATE,
ARTISTIC HANDS LIKE MINE
...WITH DEFT, TAPERING
FINGERS THAT ARE NEVER
CLUMSY...THAT WILL MAKE
ME A GREATER GENIUS
THAN YOU!

NO...NO...IT
ISN'T TRUE...
MY HANDS ARE
THE EQUAL OF
YOURS! I MUST
BE GREAT THAN
YOU...I MUST!



"BUT MY PREDICTION CAME TRUE! BEFORE PIERRE COULD FINISH
ANY OF HIS COLOSSAL PROJECTS, THEY WERE ALWAYS RUINED
BECAUSE OF SOME CLUMSY SLIP OF THE HAND!"



MON DIEU... HOW COULD I EVER HAVE
PREDICTED A GREAT FUTURE FOR YOU?
YOU HAVE THE IMAGINATION OF A
GENIUS, BUT THE HANDS OF AN
INCOMPETENT BUNGLER!
YOU WILL NEVER FINISH A
PERFECT STATUE... BUT
I AM FINISHED WITH
YOU! HENRI FROISSART
IS MY ONLY PROTEGE
NOW! HE WILL
BECOME THE
GREATEST SCULPTOR
IN THE WORLD!

MY...
MY HANDS...
THEY ALWAYS
FAIL ME...
BETRAY
ME!



"AN UTTER FAILURE, PIERRE SOON GAVE UP ALL
ATTEMPTS AT SCULPTURE, AND VANISHED FROM THE
SCENE... WHILE I... I SOARED TO TRIUMPH AFTER
TRIUMPH!"

SCULPTURE SIDELIGHTS

Henri Froissart is fast be-
coming the world's foremost
sculptor. All of his works are
intricate, perfectly detailed
triumphs... not since the Renais-
sance have any hands created
such incomparably delicate
masterpieces! Our only regret
can be that a man with titanic
imagination like the pitiful
Pierre Lemaître could not
have had the skillful hands
of Henri Froissart...

THEY SAY I AM PITIFUL NOW... WHILE
THEY PRAISE HIM TO THE SKIES!
WELL, I SHALL STILL BECOME THE
GREATEST SCULPTOR IN THE WORLD
...AND WREAK MY VENGEANCE ON
HENRI!



"PIERRE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT! I FORGOT ABOUT HIM AND HIS THREATS AS THE YEARS PASSED AND I REACHED THE PINNACLE OF MY SKILL AND FAME! BUT THEN, ONE NIGHT..."

PIERRE...
IT...IT IS
YOU!

YES, I'M BACK! FOR FIVE YEARS
I'VE REMAINED HIDDEN... FOR
A PURPOSE! I'VE STUDIED
THE SUPERNATURAL SECRETS
OF OCCULT MEDICINE
...TO USE THEM ON YOU!
AND THEY'LL MAKE ME
GREAT!

YOU...YOU'RE **MAD**...
DRIVEN INSANE BY
YOUR JEALOUSY OF
ME!

YOU WERE MY MASTER
IN LIFE... BUT I WILL
BE YOUR MASTER IN
DEATH!



FROM OUT OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN, I LOOKED UPON THE WORLD OF MORTALS, AND PERCEIVED HOW MY MURDERER, THE DESPOILER OF MY TOMB, HAD PUT HIS DIABOLICAL OCCULT SECRETS TO WORK! HE RETURNED TO HIS SCULPTURES, BUT THIS TIME...



THERE...IT IS COMPLETED... AND **PERFECT!** NO LONGER WILL MY CLUMSY HANDS BETRAY ME AND RUIN THE FRUITS OF MY LABOR...FAME AND GLORY WILL NOW BE **MINE!**

IT...IT IS UNBELIEVABLE...THIS IS A **NEW PIERRE LEMAITRE!** HE HAS RETAINED HIS VAST IMAGINATIVE VISION...BUT HE HAS ADDED TO IT AN INCOMPARABLE DELICACY OF LINE AND INTRICATE DETAIL...ALMOST AS IF **HENRI FROISSART HIMSELF** WERE HELPING HIM FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE!



IT IS STRANGE THAT LEMAITRE SHOULD ACHIEVE SUCH PERFECTION ONLY AFTER FROISSART'S DEATH! I **WONDER...**

BUT FOR ONE HOUR EACH NIGHT, FROM 12 MIDNIGHT TO 1 A.M. ... THE HOUR OF MY MURDER... I HAD STRANGE, SUPER-NATURAL POWERS OF MY OWN! AND WHENEVER PIERRE WORKED EVEN A MINUTE PAST MIDNIGHT...



BLAST YOU...YOU'VE SMASHED THE LIGHT...SMASHED MY WORK...BUT YOU WON'T GET **ME!** BACK...BACK INTO YOUR CASKET... **THERE!**

THOSE...THOSE DEVILISH THINGS...THEY TORE OFF MY WRIST-WATCH, ALMOST CLAWED ME TO DEATH! I'LL HAVE TO BE MORE CAREFUL NOT TO WORK IN THE HOUR AFTER MIDNIGHT...BECAUSE THAT IS THE ONLY TIME THEY CAN HARM ME! BUT FOR THE OTHER 23 HOURS EVERY DAY, I HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THEM...AND THEY MUST DO MY BIDDING!



AH, BUT NOW IT IS ONE O'CLOCK...THE HOUR HAS FLOWN QUICKLY! NOW IT IS SAFE TO TAKE THEM OUT AGAIN...AND FORCE THEM TO REPAIR THE WORK **THEY** SMASHED TONIGHT!



EVERYONE WONDERED HOW I ACQUIRED THE DELICATE ARTISTRY OF HENRI FROISSART! BUT WHO WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED THAT I ACTUALLY **USED HENRI'S HANDS...** THE HANDS I REMOVED FROM HIS CORPSE!



YES, OCCULT MEDICINE GAVE ME SUPER-NATURAL POWERS...SO THAT I COULD HOLLOW OUT HIS HANDS WITHOUT DESTROYING THEIR ARTISTIC SKILL...AND WEAR THEM LIKE GLOVES...

YES, AND THESE SAME HANDS PURPOSELY SMASHED THE LIGHT...SO THAT THEY COULD TURN YOUR WRIST-WATCH 15 MINUTES AHEAD!

WHO...WHO SPEAKS? WHERE ARE YOU?

I'M THE TRUE OWNER OF THOSE HANDS...FROM THE WORLD OF THE UNKNOWN! BUT YOU WILL SOON JOIN ME IN THE REALM OF THE DEAD...FOR MY HANDS HAVE 15 MINUTES TO WREAK THEIR REVENGE!

THE HANDS...THEY'VE ASSUMED A LIFE OF THEIR OWN...THEY'RE REACHING FOR MY THROAT! GOT TO GET THEM BACK IN THE BOX...GOT TO...BUT THEY...THEY'RE TOO STRONG...CAN'T HOLD THEM BACK...

CHOKING ME
...STRANGLING
...CAN'T BREATHE
...AARGHH!

Yes, that is the true story which I wish to have published...so that the whole world will give me the credit for Pierre Lemaitre's successes...for mine were the hands that created them! But now my revenge is complete...and I must go...to rejoin my body! Farewell...
Henri Froissant

SACRE BLEU...HIC...I SHOULDN'T HAVE DRUNK SO MUCH CHAMPAGNE TONIGHT! I...I MUST BE TRULY DRUNK...HIC...FOR I SEE A PAIR OF BODILESS HANDS MAILING THAT LETTER!

The END!
6

Build A Fine Business In SPARE TIME!



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An
**AMERICAN COMICS
GROUP MAGAZINE**



EDITOR



YES, LET'S talk it over...and we've got a lot to discuss this month! For this time we've gone all out, and *dared* to be *different*! Dauntlessly, we've plunged deep within the eerie realm of the *Unknown*, and emerged with as challenging a lineup of spine-tingling stories of the supernatural as you've ever seen. We've cast cautious conservatism to the wild winds, refusing to bring you readers run-of-the-mill ghost yarns in favor of *new* approaches to our age-old friends, the spirits. The result, we hope, is a vibrant, stimulating and exciting issue, packed chockful of tense and eerie plots that will make this, our May issue, one you won't soon forget. There's "*The Howling Head*", for example...a gripping werewolf story such as we *guarantee* you've never read. And "*Hands of Horror*"...a cunningly contrived item that's breathtaking in its occult weirdness. We haven't neglected the fascinating realm of the vampire, either..."*Vampire's Bane*" should convince you of *that*! You'll shudder deliciously at "*Ghoul's Grave*"...and thrill to the strange story of "*The Frozen Specter*"!

All in all, it's quite an issue...but we can't take credit for it. That belongs to *you*, our readers, who've been good enough to indicate just what sort of supernatural fare you desired. Your letters haven't left us in any doubt...and for that, we're grateful! We want you to know that we're guided by *your* wishes and nobody else's...that every letter you send us is carefully studied and filed under your name. We note what you like and what you don't like...with the result that "*Adventures Into The Unknown*" has emerged as *your personal magazine*...more than any other American publication! Actually...*you're* the editors! So let's plunge deep into our capacious and overflowing mailbag, and see what some of you editors have to say! We might cite one of you, who's so anxious to secure back copies of this, his favorite magazine, that he's gone to the length of offering 75 cents per copy of certain numbers. Thanks, D. A. of Baltimore, but that won't be necessary. We're doing our best to hunt up what you want...and it'll be at the regular price! Now onto a few others of our favorite fans.

"Dear Editor:-

I think your magazine and the stories in it are *tops*...really great! I don't know whether you make up the stories in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' or base them on classic supernatural plots, but whatever it is, you seem to have invented a new and superb style of story-telling. The stories are fascinating...far more so than I'd expect to find in any magazine! Keep up the good work!

...Russell Campbell, Portsmouth, Va."

"Dear Editor:-

I've read nearly every issue of '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' and it's my favorite comic. I'm glad it's now published monthly instead of bimonthly! I'd like to know if you publish short stories about the supernatural sent in by readers. It would be a thrill for us 'future writers' to see our stories published in such a wonderful magazine! Here's hoping it will always stay as good as it is!

...Barbara Wasserman, Miami, Fla."

"Dear Editor:-

I have a couple of questions, but first I want to say how much I enjoy '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'. I never could get enough supernatural mysteries when I was a kid, and now...I'm 19...I am completely happy because of your magazine. But now for my questions. Is it possible to get back issues? I've missed some, and my friends, who've read them all, keep tantalizing me by talking about them. They're driving me *nuts*! Also...how much is your year's subscription? Lastly, and this is purely rhetorical...how can a magazine *be* so good? Everything you do in your magazine seems to be the very best possible! Editor, I love you for making my dreams of lots of fascinating mystery in one magazine come true! A truly happy fan...

...Ruth Brewster, Los Angeles, Cal."

THE VAMPIRE'S BANE



ORDINARILY, A MAN WHO HAS NARROWLY ESCAPED DEATH HAS PLUMBED THE BLACKEST DEPTH OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE-- BUT FOR **BOB CHASE**, IT MARKS THE START OF A LIVING NIGHTMARE! THE BONY FINGER OF DOOM HAS SINGLED HIM OUT--THE FLAPPING WINGS OF HORROR ARE CLOSING IN--AND A BLOOD-LESS BEAUTY AWAITS THE END OF **THE VAMPIRE'S BANE!**

DURING THE FIRST WEEKS OF THE COMMUNIST INVASION OF THE KOREAN REPUBLIC--

THAT MORTAR FIRE CAUGHT ME PRETTY BAD--BUT THERE'S NO USE WORRYING! WITH THE REDS DRIVEN BACK, IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE MY PLATOON'S OUT LOOKING FOR ME!



SUDDENLY--

YE GODS--THERE WASN'T A SOUL IN SIGHT JUST A SECOND AGO!





YES, THIS IS SOMETHING WE HAVE SOUGHT FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS-- AND ALL THAT IS NEEDED NOW IS HIS BLOOD! VOLARA WILL GET IT-- VOLARA WILL FIND HIM!



UNEXPECTEDLY--

VOLARA! THERE HE IS-- THE HUMAN WHO LIVED WITH A STEEL-PIERCED HEART!

GOOD LORD! WHY DID I COME HERE-- WHY DIDN'T I SUSPECT THIS WAS FORETOLD?



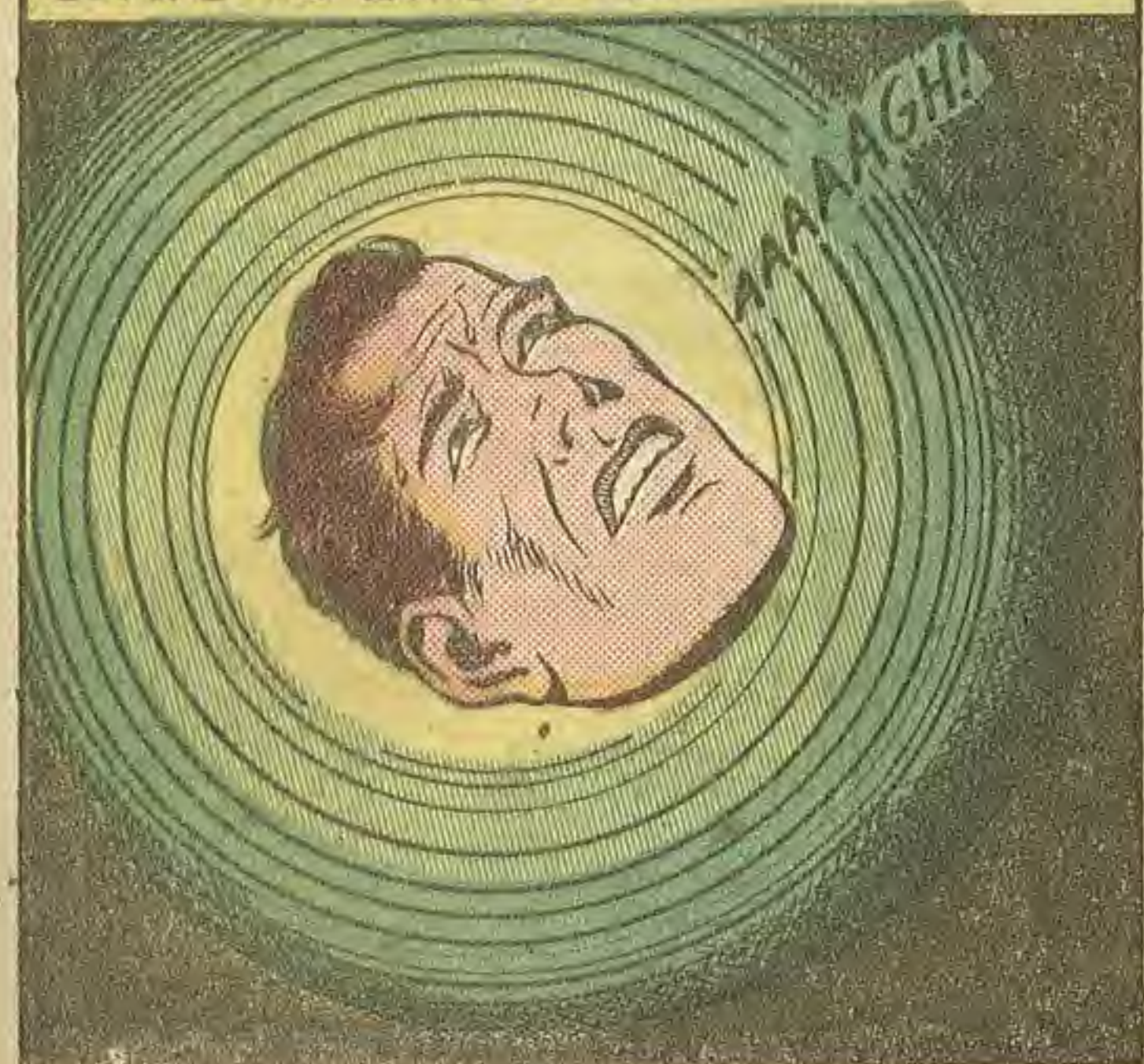
AS A DOZEN BRISTLING WINGS SCRAPE THE CLAMMY WALLS--



THE END OF THE VAMPIRE'S BANE! AH--IF IF YOU ONLY KNEW HOW LONG WE HAVE WAITED!



THEN--IN A WAVE OF AGONY THAT CRESTS BEYOND THE LIMITS OF TIME--



YES--WE HAVE WAITED A LONG WHILE!

VOLARA!



MY GOD, IT'S REAL
--SHE AND THOSE
VAMPIRES EXIST!

ALL RIGHT, MISS
ARALOV--YOU'D
BETTER LET ME
TAKE OVER!



WHERE
AM I--
WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO ME?

LIEUTENANT, YOU'VE MIRACULOUSLY
SURVIVED A SERIOUS HEART WOUND!
WE'VE KEPT YOU ANESTHETIZED FOR
NEARLY A MONTH--SINCE ANY EXERTION
BEFORE THE TISSUES HEALED WOULD
HAVE BEEN FATAL! AS IT WAS, YOU
CAME WITHIN INCHES OF CHECKING OUT--
DURING SEVERAL DAYS OF WILD
DELIRIUM!



DELIRIUM? DOC,
I'M NOT DELIRIOUS
NOW--AND I KNOW
WHAT I'VE SEEN AND
FELT! THERE WAS A
DARK HOUSE CRAWL-
ING WITH VAMPIRES,
AND THEIR LEADER
WAS A GIRL--**THAT**
GIRL WHO JUST
LEFT THE ROOM!

MISS ARALOV? NONSENSE
--SHE'S JUST ONE OF THE
MANY VOLUNTEER NURSES
WHO ARE HELPING US
OUT HERE IN PUSAN!
YOU NEED A CHANGE OF
SCENE, LIEUTENANT, AND
YOU'RE GETTING IT--BE-
CAUSE YOU'RE SUFFICIENT-
LY RECOVERED TO BE
SENT BACK TO THE
STATES!



GREAT! I HAVEN'T
ANY FAMILY, DOC--
BUT I'D LIKE YOU TO
NOTIFY MY GIRL FRIEND
THAT I'M ON MY WAY!
SHE'S TRUDY
WILLIAMS--580 HILL-
SIDE ROAD!

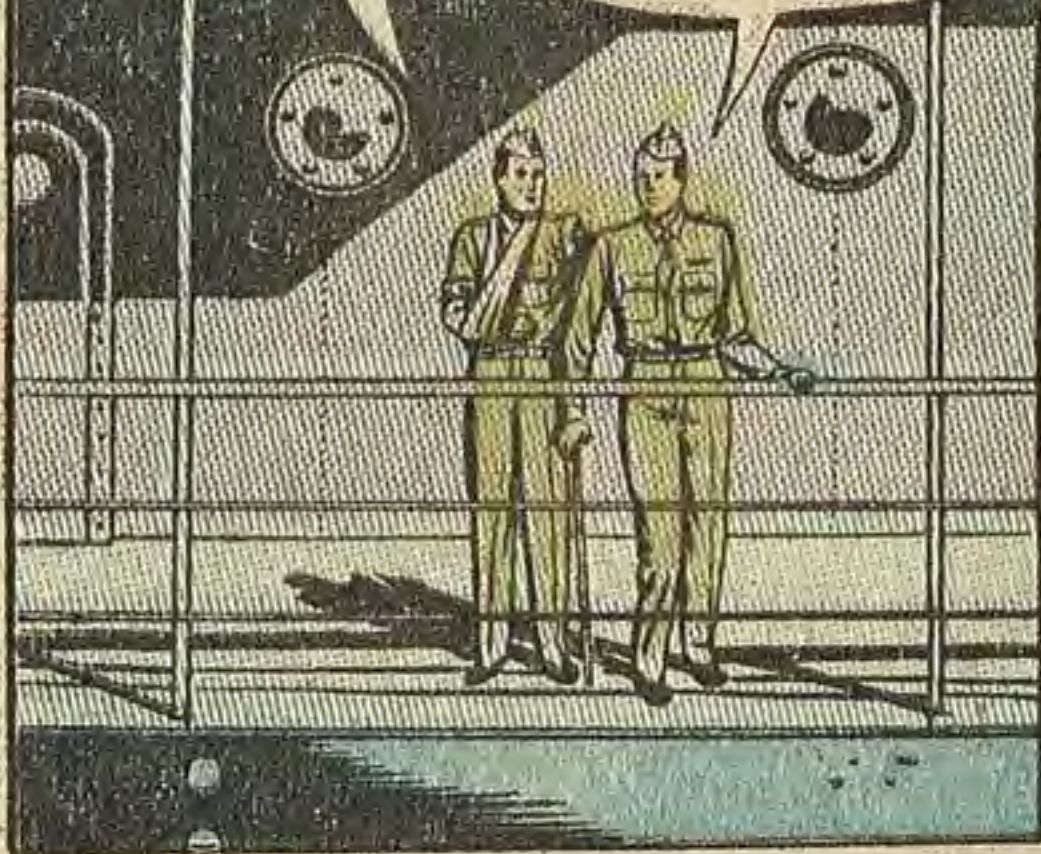
I CERTAINLY WILL,
FELLA! AND BY THE
WAY--I'M SENDING
TRUDY SOMETHING
YOU MAY WANT TO
KEEP AS A
MEMENTO!



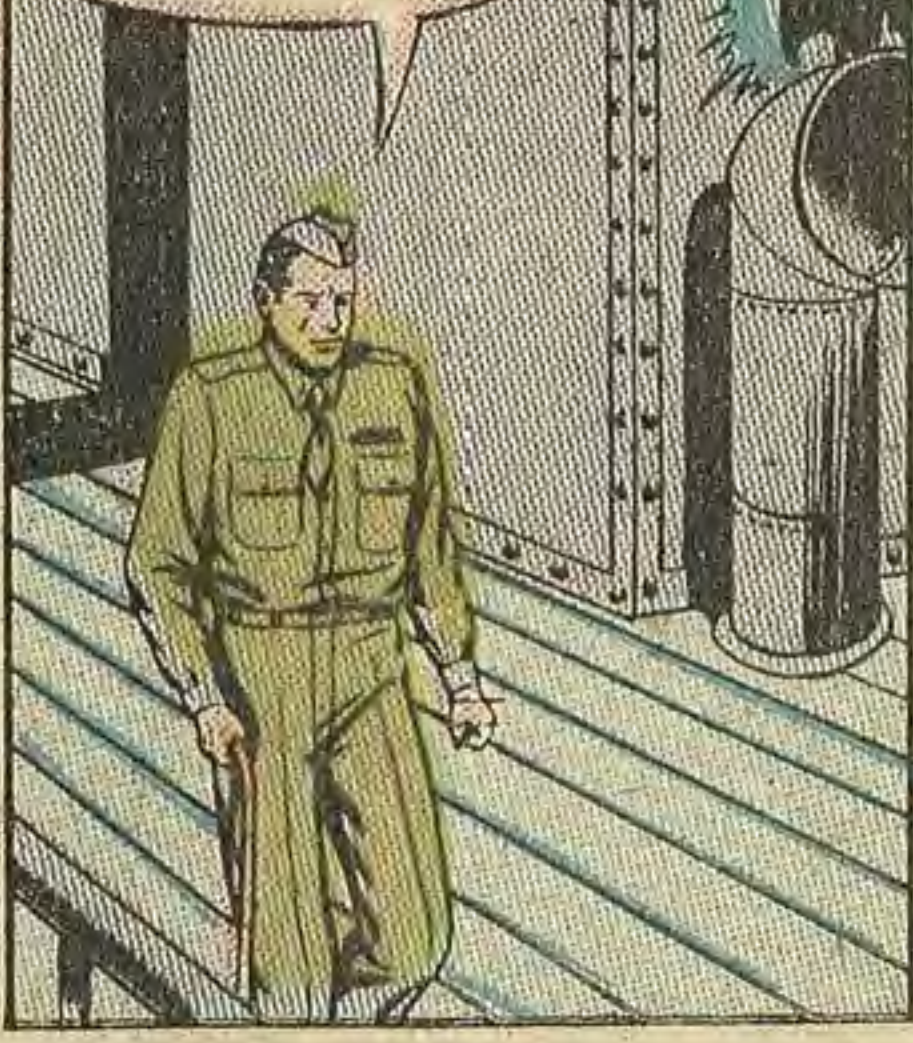
A WEEK LATER--ABOARD AN
ARMY TRANSPORT PLOWING
EASTWARD ON THE PACIFIC--

YOU SEEMED TO
BE PICKING UP
SWELL UNTIL TODAY,
BOB! WHAT'S
EATING YOU?

WISH I KNEW!
THERE'S SOME-
THING ON MY
MIND, JIM--
AND I CAN'T
SHAKE IT OFF!

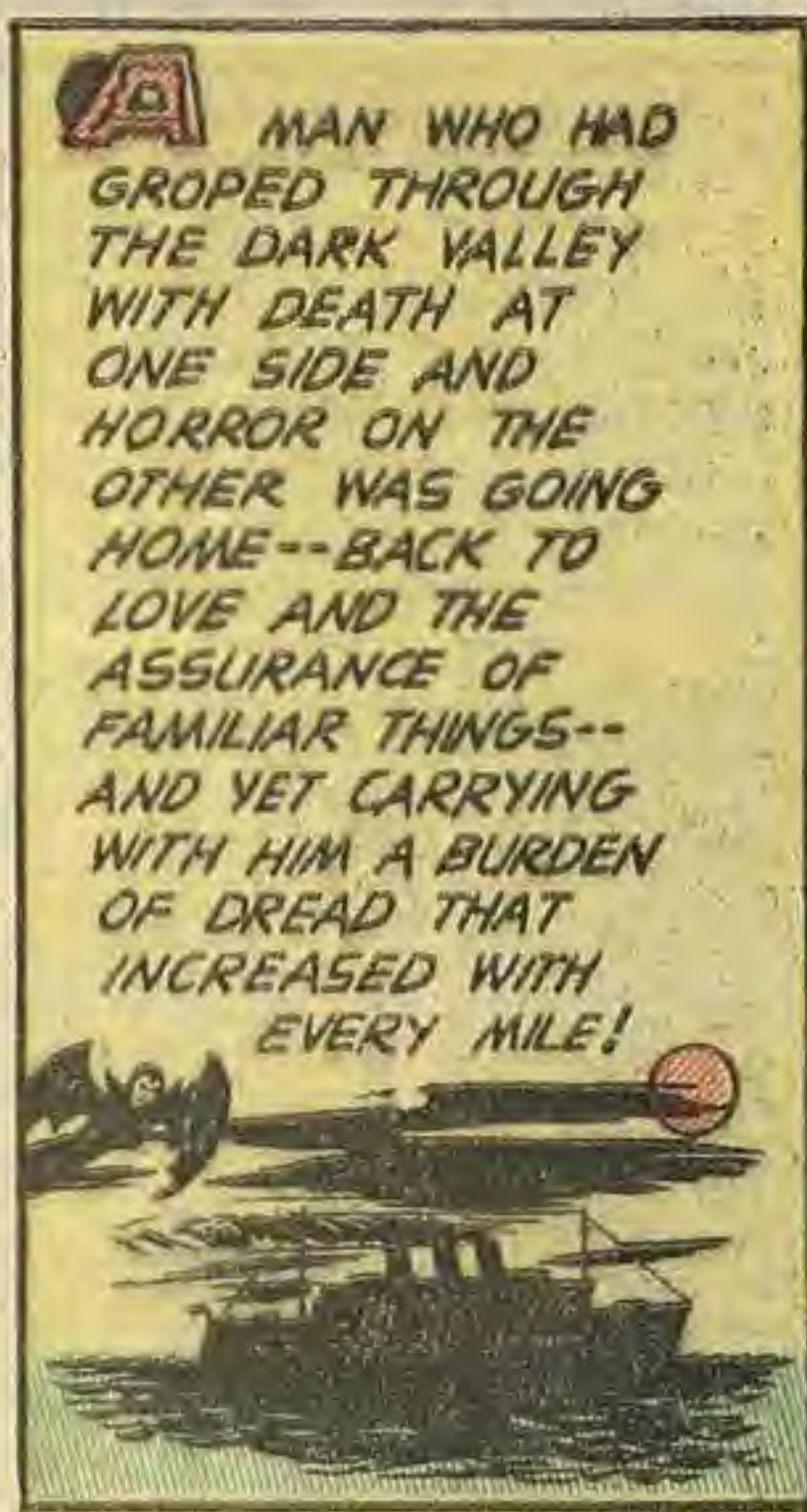


HOW CAN I EXPLAIN IT TO
ANYONE--THAT THE
THOUGHTS I HAD WHEN I
LAY DYING KEEP COMING
BACK--AND THAT THEY
SEEM MORE AND
MORE REAL?



I'VE GOT TO SNAP OUT OF IT--
I'VE GOT TO KEEP THINKING
OF TRUDY AND ALL THE
FRIENDS I MET IN KOREA!
WHICH REMINDS ME-- JIM
HASTINGS WANTED TO BE
SURE HE GOT MY ADDRESS!





O.K.-- **THAT'S** WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING TO HEAR! TELL ME WHAT'S NEW IN TOWN--DID THAT NEIGHBOR OF YOURS GET RID OF THOSE PESKY CHICKENS YOU WROTE ABOUT?

YES, BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE GOTTEN SOME PIGEONS LATELY--AND I HEAR THE LITTLE DOPES FLUTTERING AROUND ALL NIGHT! I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU ALL THE **IMPORTANT** THINGS--BUT, BOB--WE'VE GOT A **LIFETIME** NOW!



AS EVENING SETTLES OVER THE QUIET, ELM-SHADED STREETS--

I'D ASK YOU IN, HONEY-- IF IT DIDN'T MEAN SHOOTING THE BREEZE UNTIL DAWN! BUT BY THE WAY--WHAT **WAS** IT DR. HUTCHINS SENT YOU?

THERE'S NO USE TALKING ABOUT IT NOW, DARLING! GET SOME REST-- AND DON'T FORGET WE'VE GOT A DATE FOR BREAKFAST!



FEW HOURS LATER--

I THOUGHT THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT AFTER SEEING TRUDY--BUT THERE'S NO USE KIDDING MYSELF! IT'S JUST A QUESTION OF TIME BEFORE THEY FIND ME--BEFORE I HEAR THEM FLUTTERING IN THE NIGHT!



YE GODS--THOSE ARE THE VERY WORDS TRUDY USED--BUT **PIGEONS** DON'T FLUTTER AROUND A HOUSE AT NIGHT! SOMEHOW THOSE FIENDS GOT HER ADDRESS--THEY'RE CLOSING IN--THEY'RE ONE STEP AWAY FROM FINDING **ME**!



AT THAT MOMENT--

I'M GLAD I DIDN'T LET BOB TALK ABOUT KOREA! MAYBE IT'S THE SIGHT OF THIS BAYONET THAT NEARLY KILLED HIM--BUT I CAN'T LOSE THE IDEA THAT HIS ORDEAL WAS MUCH WORSE THAN I SUSPECT!



I DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN--AND I DIDN'T SEE YOUR REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR! WHO ARE **YOU**?

VOLARA--ARALOV-- WHAT DOES IT MATTER? THE IMPORTANT QUESTION IS FOR **YOU** TO ANSWER--WHERE IS **BOB CHASE**?



DO YOU THINK I'LL SAY--NOW THAT I'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT YOU? YOU'RE EVIL--**AGELESSLY** EVIL!

AND WHY NOT, WHEN I'VE **AGELESSLY** RE-NEWED MYSELF--NIGHT AFTER NIGHT--WITH THE BLOOD OF THOSE WHO ARE NOW DUST?



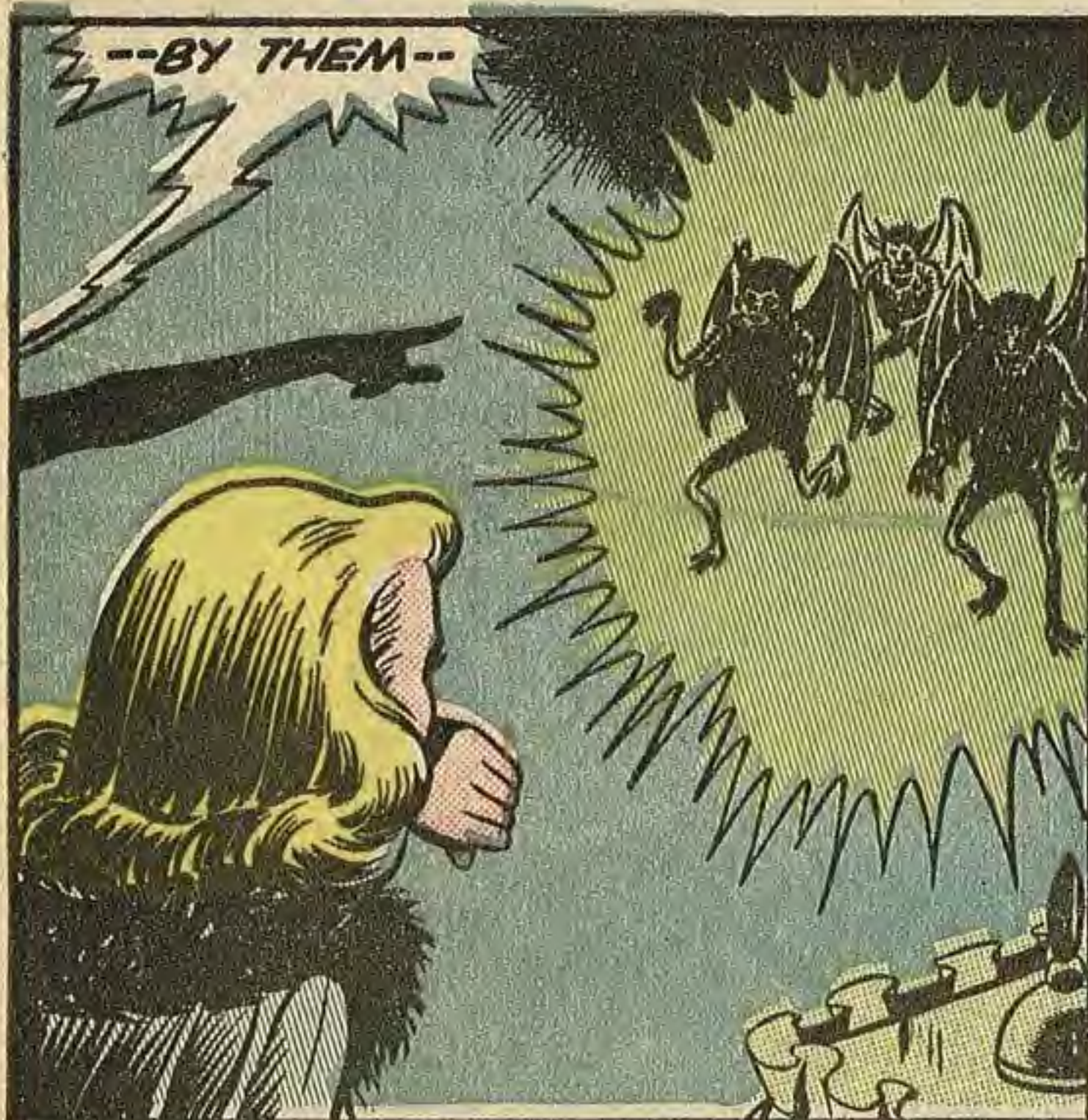


SINCE THE DAYS WHEN FLAPPING WINGS FIRST SHADOWED THE FACE OF A SLEEPING VICTIM--THE ONE WAY TO DESTROY A VAMPIRE HAS BEEN TO DRIVE A STAKE THROUGH ITS HEART! AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO END THE VAMPIRE'S BANE--BY DRAWING BLOOD FROM A HUMAN WHO HAS SURVIVED AFTER HIS OWN HEART HAS BEEN PIERCED! WE TRIED IT ON THOUSANDS --IN WARS AND DUELS AND AMBUSHES--AND **BOB IS THE ONE WHO LIVED!**



YES, HE LIVED FOR ME-- FOR HAPPINESS AND LOVE--AND I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE HIM UP!

NO! NOT EVEN WHEN YOU'RE PERSUADED--



--BY THEM--



THEN--WITH THEIR EYES GLINTING FROM THE TORMENTED DARKNESS--

YAAAK! WHITE--SMOOTH--WHAT A BEAUTIFUL THROAT!

THESE ARE THE THINGS BOB WANTED TO TELL ME ABOUT--THESE CRAWLING HORRORS!



AT THAT INSTANT--

I KNEW IT! THEY'RE HERE--AND I CAN'T FACE THEM! ANYTHING HUMAN --ANYTHING ALIVE--BUT NOT THIS GRISLY NIGHTMARE!



FOOT BY FOOT--WITH CLICKING FANGS READY FOR THEIR CRINGING PREY--

TRUDY! NO--DON'T TOUCH HER!

IN A BLIND SURGE OF DESPERATION--



A RIVAL--A RIVAL OF VOLARA! SHE TRIED TO SAVE YOU--AND NOW YOU WILL NOT SAVE HER!



BOB'S HAND MOVES CONVULSIVELY--AND AS IT CLOSES ON COLD STEEL--

MAYBE, YOU FLAPPING FIEND-- BUT DON'T THINK I WON'T TRY!



FOR A FLASHING INSTANT, EVIL BEAUTY BECOMES ALL THE THINGS THAT CREEP THROUGH AN ETERNITY OF HAUNTING!



AAAAGH! STEEL--POINTED STEEL --THE VAMPIRE'S BANE!

IN A FIERY BURST LADEN WITH THE SULPHUROUS FUMES OF DYING EVIL--

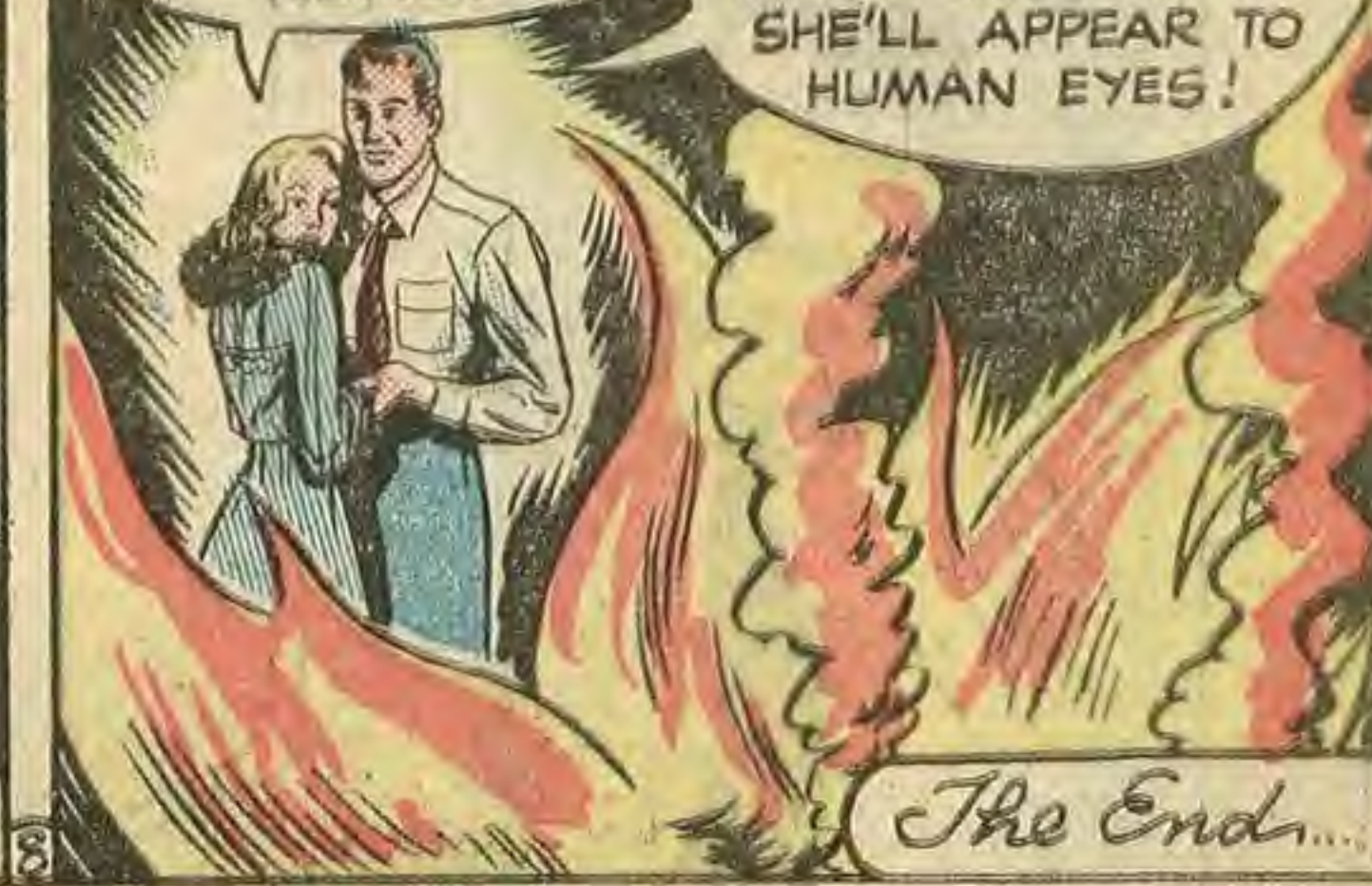


YAAAAAK!

AFTER A SLOW, SILENT MOMENT--

DARLING, THAT'S WHAT DR. HUTCHING SENT! IT'S THE BAYONET THAT PIERCED YOUR HEART-- AND TONIGHT IT PLUNGED THROUGH **HERS!**

VOLARA--- I WAS CLOSE TO DEATH WHEN I SAW HER FOR THE FIRST TIME, TRUDY-- BUT THIS IS THE **LAST** TIME SHE'LL APPEAR TO HUMAN EYES!



The End...

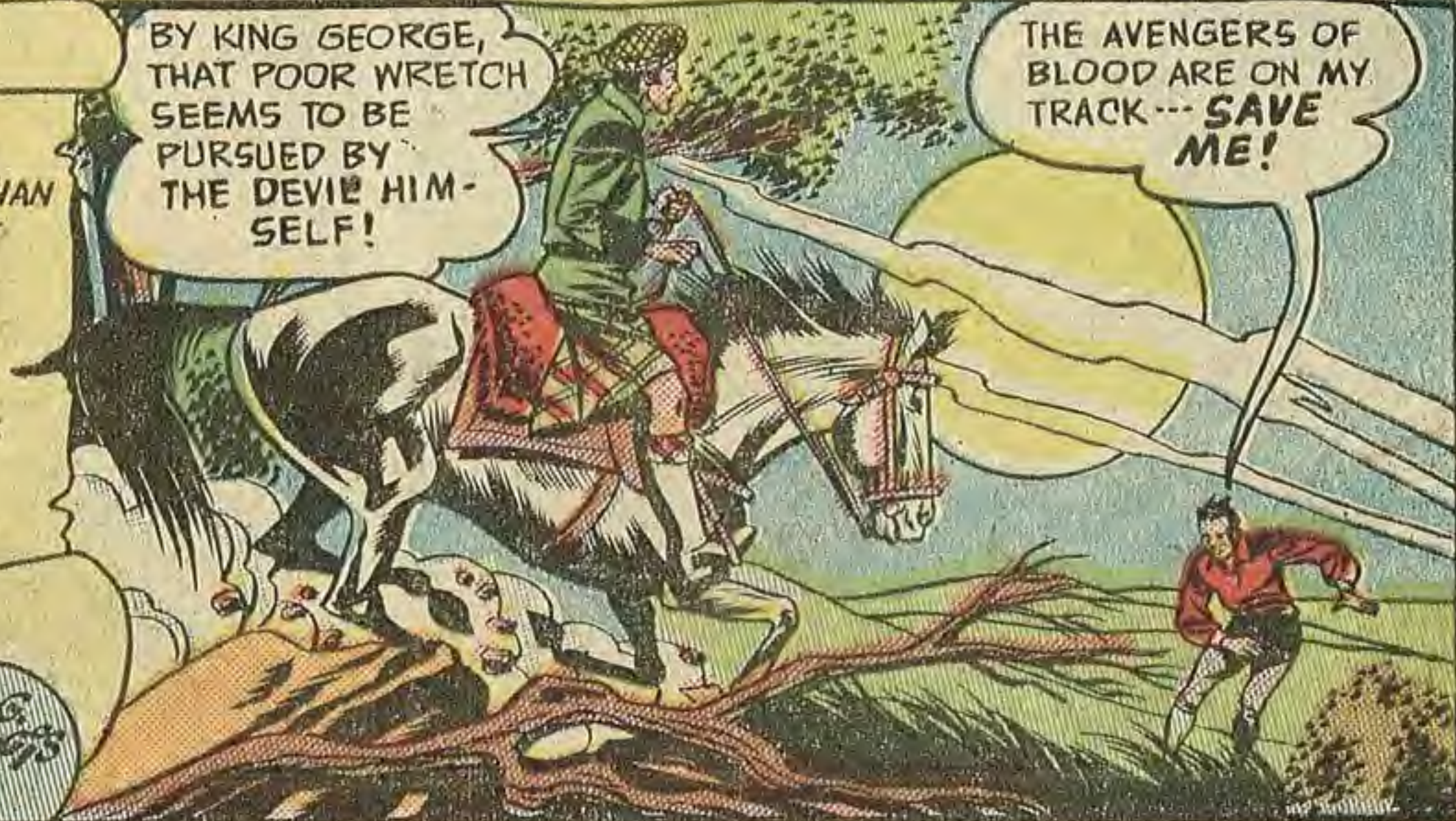
TRUE GHOSTS of HISTORY

The HIGHLAND PHANTOM

HERE IS NO STRANGER, MORE MYSTERIOUS TALE IN ALL HISTORY THAN THAT OF A SCOTCH HIGHLAND GHOST WHO CROSSED AN OCEAN TO EXACT REVENGE FROM A BROTHER WHO HAD FAILED HIM! IT ALL STARTED ONE SUMMER EVENING IN 1755, WHEN YOUNG CAMPBELL OF INVERAWE WAS RIDING ON CRUACHAN HILL IN SCOTLAND---

BY KING GEORGE, THAT POOR WRETCH SEEMS TO BE PURSUED BY THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD ARE ON MY TRACK---SAVE ME!



W.G. H. 1975

CAMPBELL WAS FILLED WITH PITY FOR THE MAN---

I GIVE YOU MY WORD ---THE WORD OF AN INVERAWE WHICH NEVER FAILED FRIEND OR FOE ---THAT I SHALL SAVE YOU! COME!

QUICKLY--- BEFORE THEY CATCH UP TO ME!



BUT WHEN HE HAD TAKEN THE COWERING FUGITIVE TO A SECRET CAVE ON THE CRUACHAN HILLSIDE KNOWN ONLY TO THE INVERAWE FAMILY, CAMPBELL BEGAN TO REGRET HAVING GIVEN HIS PLEDGE TO SUCH AN ABJECT COWARD!

YOU WILL BE SAFE HERE---NO ONE KNOWS OF THIS CAVE BUT MY BROTHER AND I!



BUT WHEN CAMPBELL RETURNED HOME, HE RECEIVED NEWS OF A SHOCKING TRAGEDY!

WHAT? MY BROTHER HAS BEEN MURDERED?

YES---WE TRACKED THE MURDERER TO CRUACHAN HILLSIDE, WHERE WE LOST HIS TRAIL!



AH, CRUEL IS THE FATE THAT FORCED ME TO PITY THE WRETCH! THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT HE IS THE MURDERER OF MY BROTHER---AND FAIN WOULD I PLUNGE MY SWORD INTO HIS COWARDLY BODY!

BUT---I GAVE MY WORD TO SAVE HIM!



BUT THAT NIGHT---

MY BROTHER! IS IT--- TRULY THOU?

AYE---AND I HAVE COME FROM THE VALLEY OF SHADOWS FOR REVENGE! SHIELD NOT THE MURDERER---AVENGE MY DEATH!



BUT CAMPBELL'S SENSE OF HONOR PROVED STRONGER THAN THE GHOST'S COMMANDS! NEXT DAY...



THERE IS YOUR FOOD --- FOUL WRETCH!

THAT NIGHT, THE VENGEFUL GHOST APPEARED ONCE MORE!



CAMPBELL, CAMPBELL --- SHIELD NOT THE MURDERER! BLOOD MUST FLOW FOR BLOOD!

THIS TIME, THE TERRIBLE FACE OF HIS MURDERED BROTHER WEAKENED CAMPBELL'S DETERMINATION TO KEEP HIS PLEDGE! FEARFUL THAT HE MIGHT BREAK HIS WORD ---



I CAN SHIELD YOU NO LONGER! LEAVE THIS CAVE AND NEVER RETURN IF YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE!

CAMPBELL, I HAVE WARNED YOU ONCE --- I HAVE WARNED YOU TWICE --- AND NOW IT IS TOO LATE! WE SHALL MEET AGAIN AT TICONDEROGA!



"BUT --- WITH NIGHTFALL ---"

THE FOLLOWING YEAR, THE WAR BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN AMERICA BROKE OUT --- AND AS A MAJOR IN HIS SCOTCH REGIMENT, YOUNG CAMPBELL WAS SENT TO NEW YORK!

COLONEL GRANT --- HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF A PLACE CALLED TICONDEROGA?

NO, MAJOR --- WHY DO YOU ASK?



CAMPBELL UNFOLDED THE WHOLE STRANGE TALE TO THE COLONEL, WHO IMMEDIATELY SUMMONED AN OFFICER FAMILIAR WITH THE INDIAN NAMES OF THE NEARBY TOWNS ---



TICONDEROGA? WHY, YES --- THAT'S THE NAME THE INDIANS HAVE FOR THE FRENCH FORT CARILLON ON LAKE GEORGE!

WE'VE BEEN ORDERED TO ATTACK FORT CARILLON --- BUT I'D BETTER NOT LET CAMPBELL KNOW ABOUT ITS INDIAN NAME!

THE BATTLE AT FORT CARILLON WAS A FIERCE ONE, AND DESPITE THE BRAVERY OF SUCH SCOTCH STALWARTS AS MAJOR CAMPBELL, THE OUTNUMBERED ENGLISH WERE FORCED TO RETREAT BY THE FRENCH DEFENDERS!



BUT WHEN CAMPBELL BECAME MOMENTARILY SEPARATED FROM HIS COMRADES IN THE FLUX OF BATTLE...

HERE, MY BROTHER... HERE IS THE DAGGER WHICH CAUSED MY FOUL MURDER... A MURDER WHICH YOU FAILED TO AVENGE!

COLONEL GRANT REACHED THE STRICKEN MAN'S SIDE IN TIME TO HEAR HIS DYING WORDS...



YES, CAMPBELL... DID I NOT SAY WE WOULD MEET AT TICONDEROGA?



AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ACROSS THE OCEAN IN THE TOWN OF INVERARY, SCOTLAND, SIR WILLIAM HART... THE NOTED DANISH PHYSICIAN... NOTICED AN ASTOUNDING SIGHT IN THE SKY...

LOOK... UP THERE IN THE SKY... ABOVE CRUACHAN HILL!

WHY, IT... IT'S A BATTLE... AND THERE ARE SOME OF OUR HIGHLAND TROOPS!



I RECOGNIZE SOME OF OUR MEN... THERE'S ROBERT STUART, FALLING TO THE GROUND!

YES, AND THERE'S WILLIAM AIRLIE...



WEEKS LATER, THE GAZETTE CONFIRMED THE DISASTER AT TICONDEROGA!

LOOK AT THE CASUALTY LISTS... ROBERT STUART... WILLIAM AIRLIE... MAJOR CAMPBELL... EVERY DETAIL OF OUR VISION WAS CORRECT!

YES, AND THE FACT THAT WE SAW IT ABOVE CRUACHAN HILL PROVES THAT IT MUST HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY SOME GHOSTLY SPIRIT FROM THE BEYOND... THE SPIRIT OF ONE WHO WAS KILLED ON THAT HILL!



Stranger on VESUVIUS

CASPER W. QUINCY wheezed and puffed as he struggled up the slope of Mt. Vesuvius. He was beginning to regret having disobeyed the orders of his doctor, who had warned him that any violent exercise or emotion might cause a fatal heart-attack. But Casper W. Quincy, wealthy industrialist and self-made man, had never been one to take orders from anyone. And besides, he simply couldn't go back home without boasting to his smoking-club cronies that he'd climbed to the top of Mt. Vesuvius while on his vacation in Italy.

By the time he got to the top, Casper was beginning to feel a faint pain around the region of his heart. But he forgot all about it in the astonishment of seeing a man...a living man...climb right out of the seething, fiery crater of Vesuvius!

The man was swarthy, saturnine, strangely foreign-looking; he was dressed completely in black, and his clothes seemed none the worse for having been within a volcanic crater. But hard-headed, cynical Casper wasn't to be fooled. The moment he saw the man, he knew he was probably one of the natives, who'd hung by his hands from the lip of the crater until he heard a tourist approaching...and who would now begin a spiel about how he had descended into the depths and would tell what he had seen...for a few hundred lira.

"No, you're quite wrong," the saturnine man said in a strangely hollow voice. "I don't intend asking you for money... I'm going to offer it to you, as much as you want!"

"How...how did you read my mind?" Casper spluttered angrily. "There must be some trick about it! You're nothing but

one of these foreign swindlers, out to fleece tourists of their money!"

The stranger smiled silkily, and his hands made strange motions in the air. A moment later, Casper was gaping in amazement and greed at the roll of thousand-dollar bills in the man's right hand, and at the huge, glittering, fist-sized diamond in the other hand. "These are yours," the swarthy man said, "and as much more as you wish...if you will only sell me your soul!"

Casper grabbed the diamond and the sheaf of bills hungrily. "It's a deal...I don't believe in the soul, anyway...just a lot of mystical nonsense! But I want more of this...more!"

The stranger flicked his hands in the air again, and a rain of thousand-dollar bills descended around Casper's head, until the pile mounted to his knees. The blood pounded in Casper's head, his heart raced with excitement. "More," he gasped. "MORE!"

The bills rained down, and on top of them came glittering rubies, emeralds, diamonds. "MORE!" croaked Casper, scarcely able to breathe now, ignoring the pain that was located in his wildly beating heart.

But then, as the stranger produced a flawless diamond the size of a basketball, Casper's heart could stand the excitement no longer...and with an agonized shriek, he fell stone-dead to the ground.

With a wave of his hand, the stranger caused the fortune in gems and currency to disappear. Then, the coveted soul now his, the swarthy man returned once more to the fiery depths of the volcano... to await the coming of another cynical tourist who was greedy...and didn't believe in souls!

The GHOUL'S GRAVE



How often, in the lagging dead of night, have human eyes stared into darkness -- with white lips mumbling the name of **THE EVIL ONE**?

Sometimes the shaggy shape lurked in the solitude of a windswept crossroad -- sometimes it strode the creaking corridors of a moonstruck ruin -- but **THIS** time it lingers in **THE GHOUL'S GRAVE**!

THERE'S NO DENYING THESE OLD FAMILY RECORDS YOU'VE JUST FOUND, DON -- BUT IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU OWN ALL THE LAND IN THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN VILLAGE KNOWN AS THUNDER HOLLOW!

I'M NOT SURE OF IT YET, HONEY!

ALL THESE PAPERS PROVE IS THAT WE FRASERS OWNED THUNDER HOLLOW A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO -- AND I'M SURE MY FOLKS WOULD HAVE MENTIONED THE PROPERTY IF IT'S STILL IN THE FAMILY! ANYWAY -- SINCE THE LAST OF THE FRASERS IS A NOVICE ENGINEER WHO CAN BARELY MAKE ENDS MEET -- IT'LL BE WORTH A TRIP TO THUNDER HOLLOW TO SEE IF I STILL HOLD TITLE TO THE LAND!



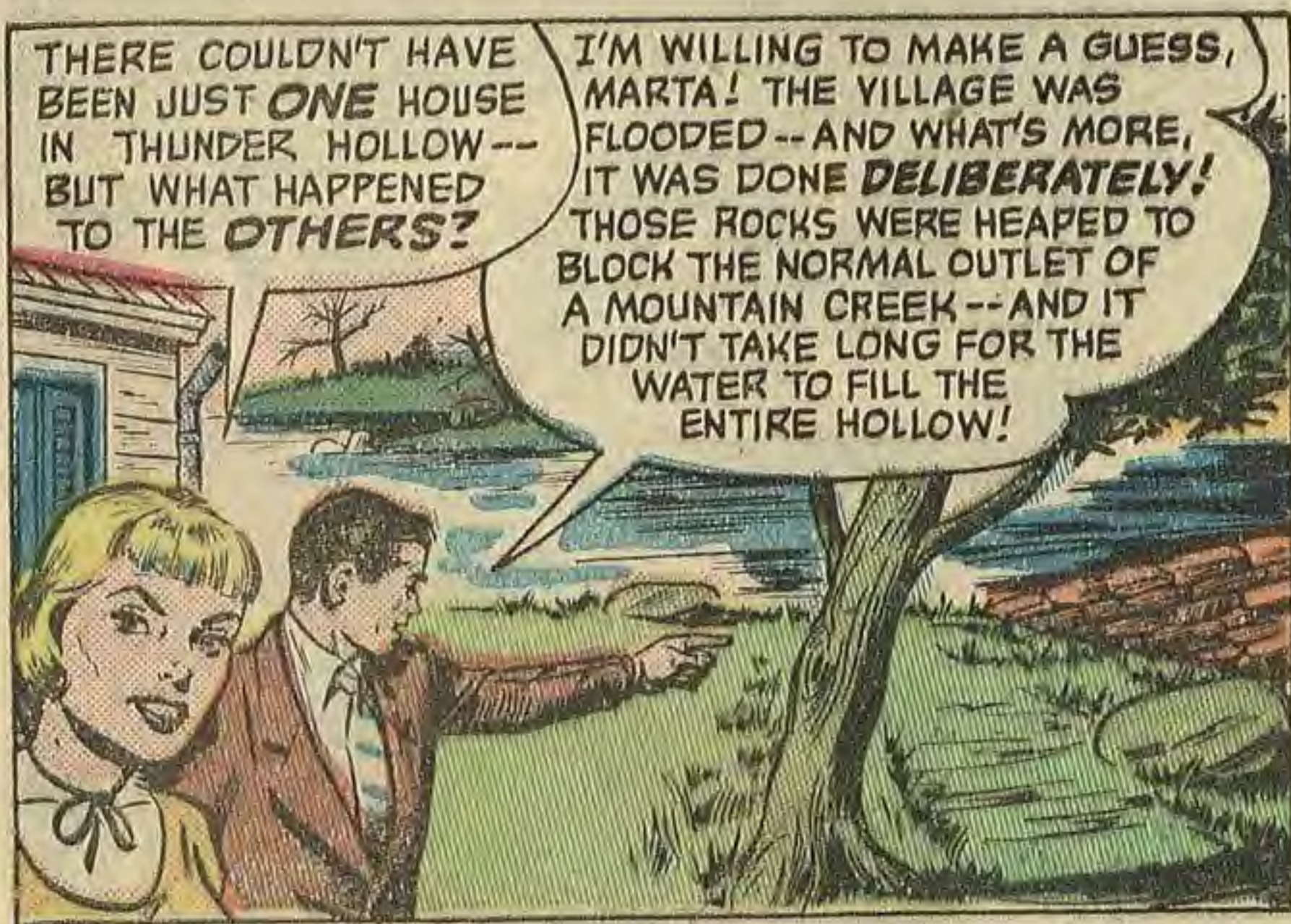
PRETTY RUGGED -- BUT
ACCORDING TO THAT MAP
I FOUND AMONG THE
PAPERS, THIS **MUST**
BE THE RIGHT
ROAD!

BUT IT CAN'T LEAD TO A
TOWN, DON! SOME OF
THE TREES IN THE ROAD
ARE AT LEAST A HUNDRED
YEARS OLD!



THERE COULDN'T HAVE
BEEN JUST **ONE** HOUSE
IN THUNDER HOLLOW--
BUT WHAT HAPPENED
TO THE **OTHERS**?

I'M WILLING TO MAKE A GUESS,
MARTA! THE VILLAGE WAS
FLOODED--AND WHAT'S MORE,
IT WAS DONE **DELIBERATELY**!
THOSE ROCKS WERE HEAPED TO
BLOCK THE NORMAL OUTLET OF
A MOUNTAIN CREEK--AND IT
DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE
WATER TO FILL THE
ENTIRE HOLLOW!



THEN -- AS THE ROAD ENDS ABRUPTLY--

GOOD GOSH! IS **THIS** WHAT
I'VE INHERITED --
A POND?



I CAN'T GUESS WHY IT WAS DONE -- BUT
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THE PLACE
THAT SEEMS TO WANT TO BE LEFT ALONE
-- SOMETHING
THAT WARNS
AGAINST
PRYING INTO
THE PAST!

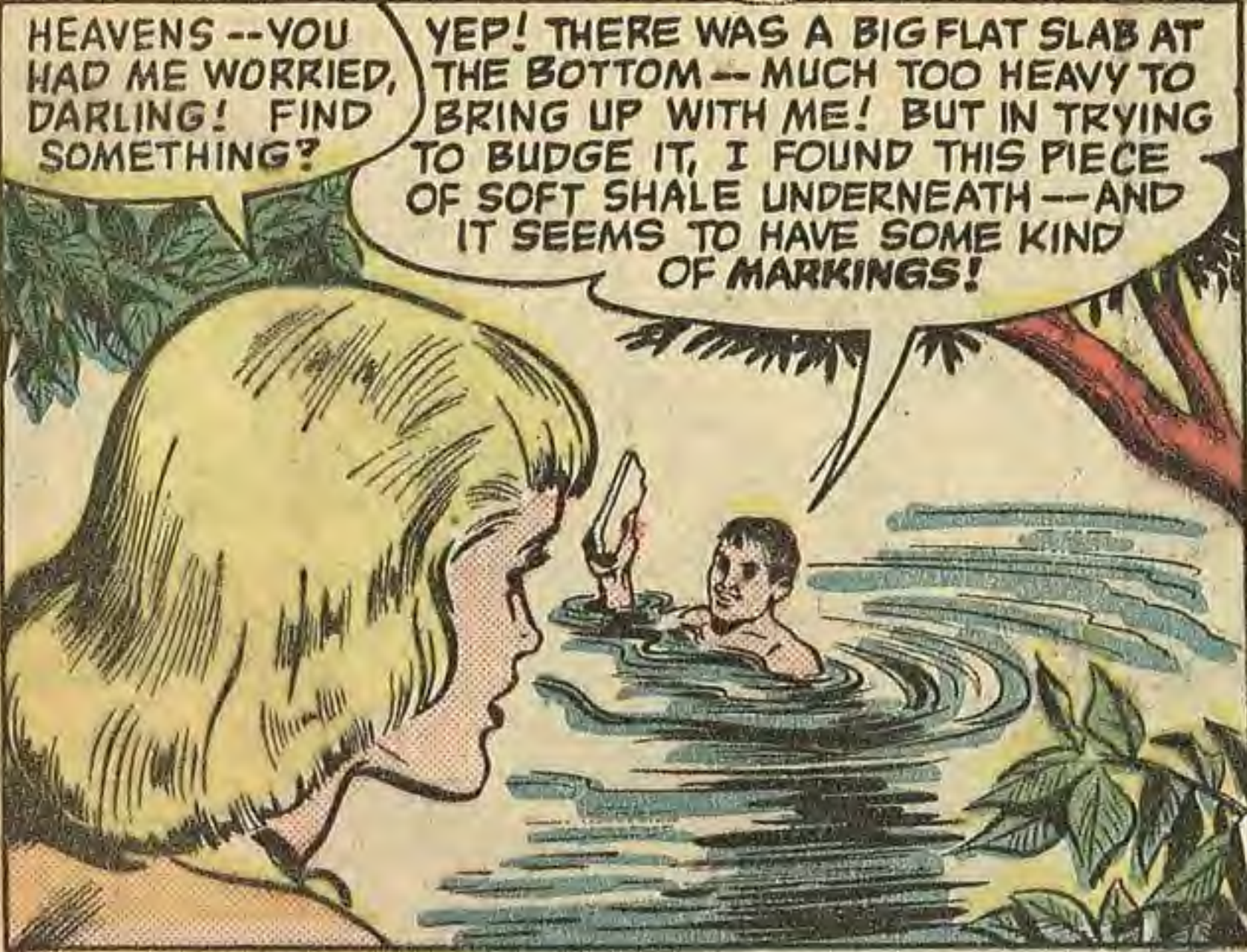
BABY, I'LL BELIEVE
WHAT I SEE -- AND THE
ONLY WAY TO SEE **ANY-
THING** IS TO DIVE TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THE POND!



AS THE SLOW BUBBLES RISE
FROM THE MURKY DEPTHS--

I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO DON --
BECAUSE IF IT'S AT ALL POSSIBLE TO
FEEL THE PRESENCE OF **DEATH**--
I FEEL IT NOW!





HEAVENS -- YOU HAD ME WORRIED, DARLING! FIND SOMETHING?

YEP! THERE WAS A BIG FLAT SLAB AT THE BOTTOM -- MUCH TOO HEAVY TO BRING UP WITH ME! BUT IN TRYING TO BUDGE IT, I FOUND THIS PIECE OF SOFT SHALE UNDERNEATH -- AND IT SEEMS TO HAVE SOME KIND OF MARKINGS!



IT'S A NAME -- YOU'VE BROUGHT UP A PIECE OF A **TOMBSTONE**!

YOU'RE WAY OFF THE BEAM, HONEY! NO ONE'S EVER MARKED GRAVES WITH **SHALE** -- A CRUMBLY ROCK

THAT'S JUST A LITTLE HARDER THAN CLAY! WHATEVER "ENOLIVE" MEANS, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT TOMORROW BY COMING BACK WITH A BLASTING OUTFIT -- SO I CAN DYNAMITE THAT ROCK DAM AND DRAIN THE POND!



MINUTES LATER --

DON -- I WISH YOU WOULDN'T! I **KNOW** THAT WATER COVERS SOMETHING HORRIBLE -- BECAUSE I FELT IT LURKING JUST BEFORE YOU BROUGHT UP THE STONE -- **AND IT WASN'T ALIVE!**

YOU'VE STILL GOT **TOMBSTONES** ON YOUR MIND, MARTA -- BUT I THINK I CAN CONVINCE YOU WHEN WE GET BACK TO MY PLACE!



I'VE GOT TO ADMIT YOU'RE RIGHT, DON -- THERE ISN'T A TRACE OF A GRAVEYARD IN THIS OLD MAP OF THUNDER HOLLOW!

SURE -- DIDN'T I SAY SO? LOOK, HONEY -- WHY DON'T YOU STAY HERE, AND LET ME BUNK IN THE LIVING ROOM -- SO WE CAN GET OFF TO AN EARLY START?

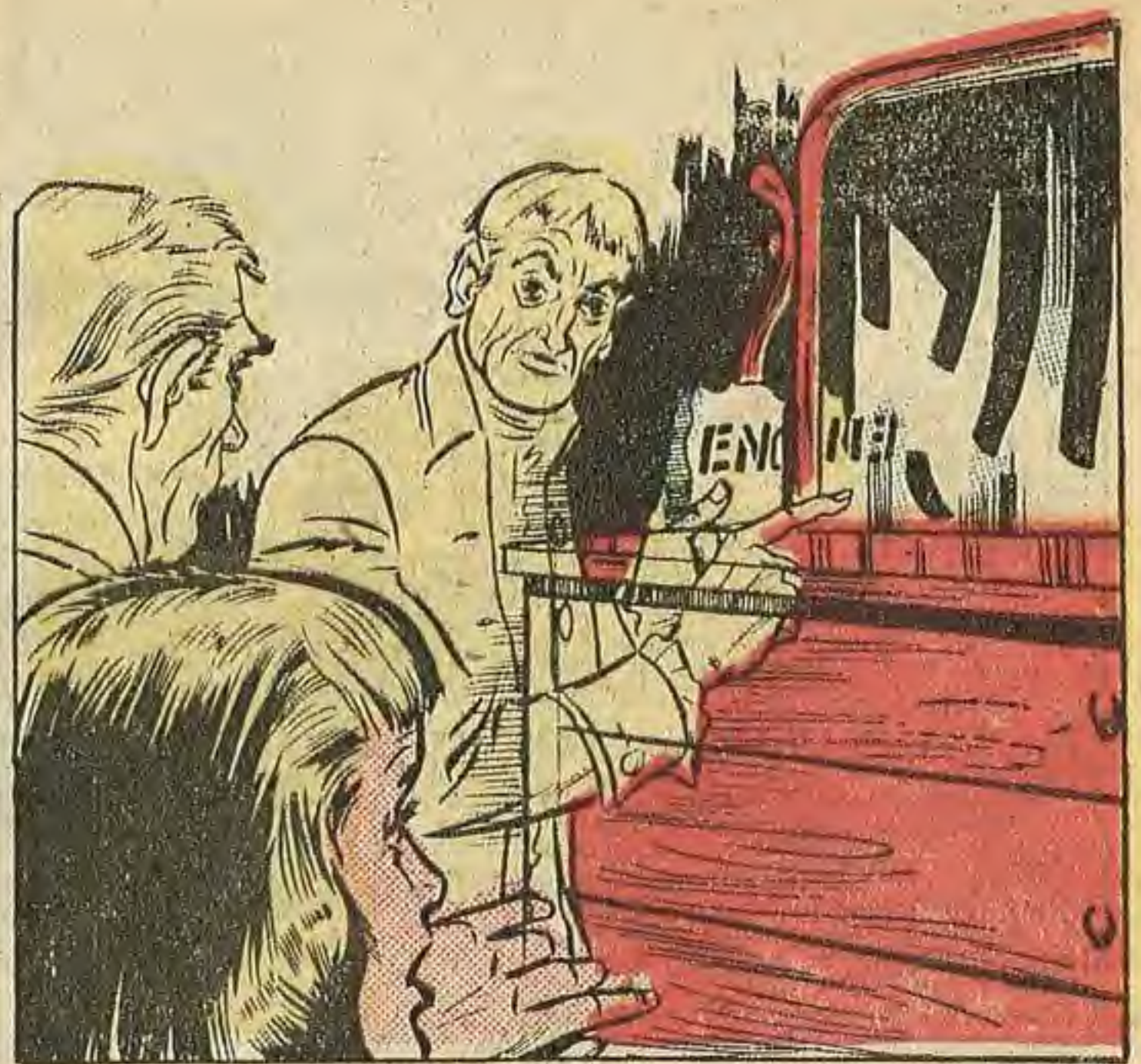
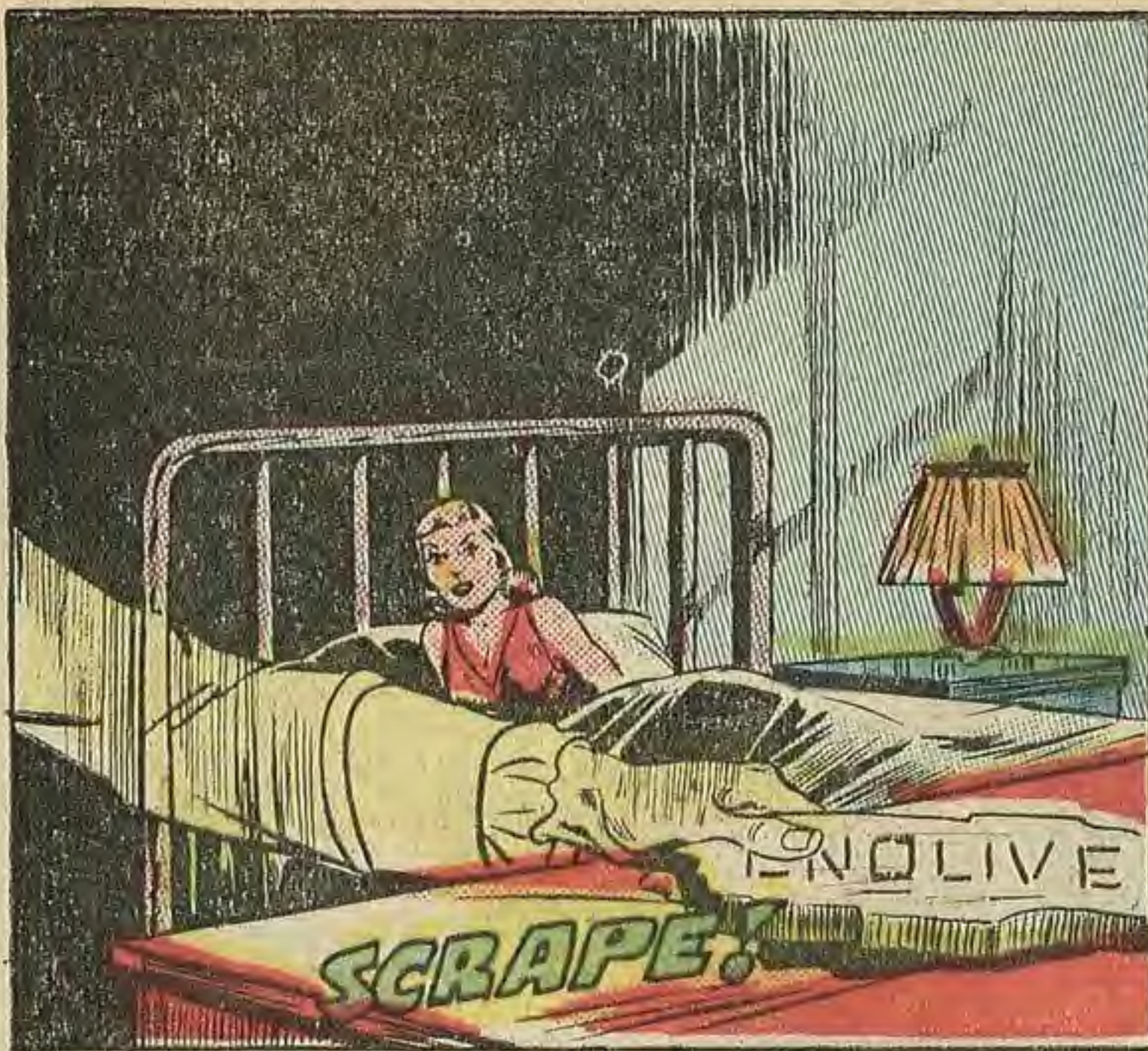


SEE YOU IN THE MORNING, BABY -- AND DON'T LET THE GAPING GRAVES OF THUNDER HOLLOW TAKE OVER YOUR DREAMS!

HOW COULD **ANYTHING** FIGURE IN MY DREAMS -- WHEN **YOU'VE** MONOPOLIZED THEM EVER SINCE OUR ENGAGEMENT?

HOURS LATER -- WITH THE DARKNESS STIRRING RESTLESSLY BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN --





THEY WERE **GHOSTS!** ONE OF THEM HELD THE STONE UP IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR AND MOVED HIS HAND LIKE **THIS**, BACKWARDS -- AS IF IT WERE TRYING TO **TELL ME SOMETHING!**

THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR MENTIONING DREAMS! YOU **COULDN'T** HAVE SEEN GHOSTS -- THE WHOLE THING'S MEANINGLESS -- **AND I'LL PROVE IT!**

BACKWARDS... **GOOD LORD!**

BACKWARD LETTERS AND BACKWARD SPELLING --AND IT COMES OUT **EVIL ONE!**



IT CAN'T BE ANYTHING BUT PURE COINCIDENCE! EVEN IF YOU **DID** SEE GHOSTS, THEY COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EVIL - OR THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN DRIVEN OFF BY A SCREAM!

DON, DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE WARNING I FELT AT THUNDER HOLLOW? **THIS** IS ANOTHER WARNING -- A SURE SIGN OF WHAT WE'LL FIND THERE!

THE EVIL ONE... IT'S A TOSS-UP BETWEEN MYTH AND IMAGINATION, MARTA - BUT IF I **DO** OWN THUNDER HOLLOW, IT'S MY DUTY TO FIND OUT! AND IF YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT A WARNING, IT'S SOMETHING THAT CAN'T WAIT -- I'M BLASTING THAT DAM TONIGHT!



HOURS LATER -- WITH MOONLIGHT LIKE A CLINGING SHROUD ON THE DEAD BLACK WATER --

THEN -- AS IF THE STEALTHY BREEZE SPOKE IN RUSTLING SYLLABLES --

HONEY, I WOULDN'T HAVE BROUGHT YOU ALONG IF I THOUGHT WE'D FIND MORE THAN A FEW WATERLOGGED HOUSES AND THE HINT OF SOME FORGOTTEN TRAGEDY! YOU'VE GOT TO CONVINCE YOURSELF THAT THE **EVIL ONE** DOESN'T EXIST -- THAT THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT US!



GO AWAY! -- GO AWAY! LEAVE THE EVIL ONE IN HIS GRAVE!

I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THOSE ARE VOICES -- AND IF I ASK MARTA, SHE'S SURE TO SAY THEY **ARE!** I CAME HERE TO LEARN SOMETHING -- **AND I'M GOING AHEAD!**



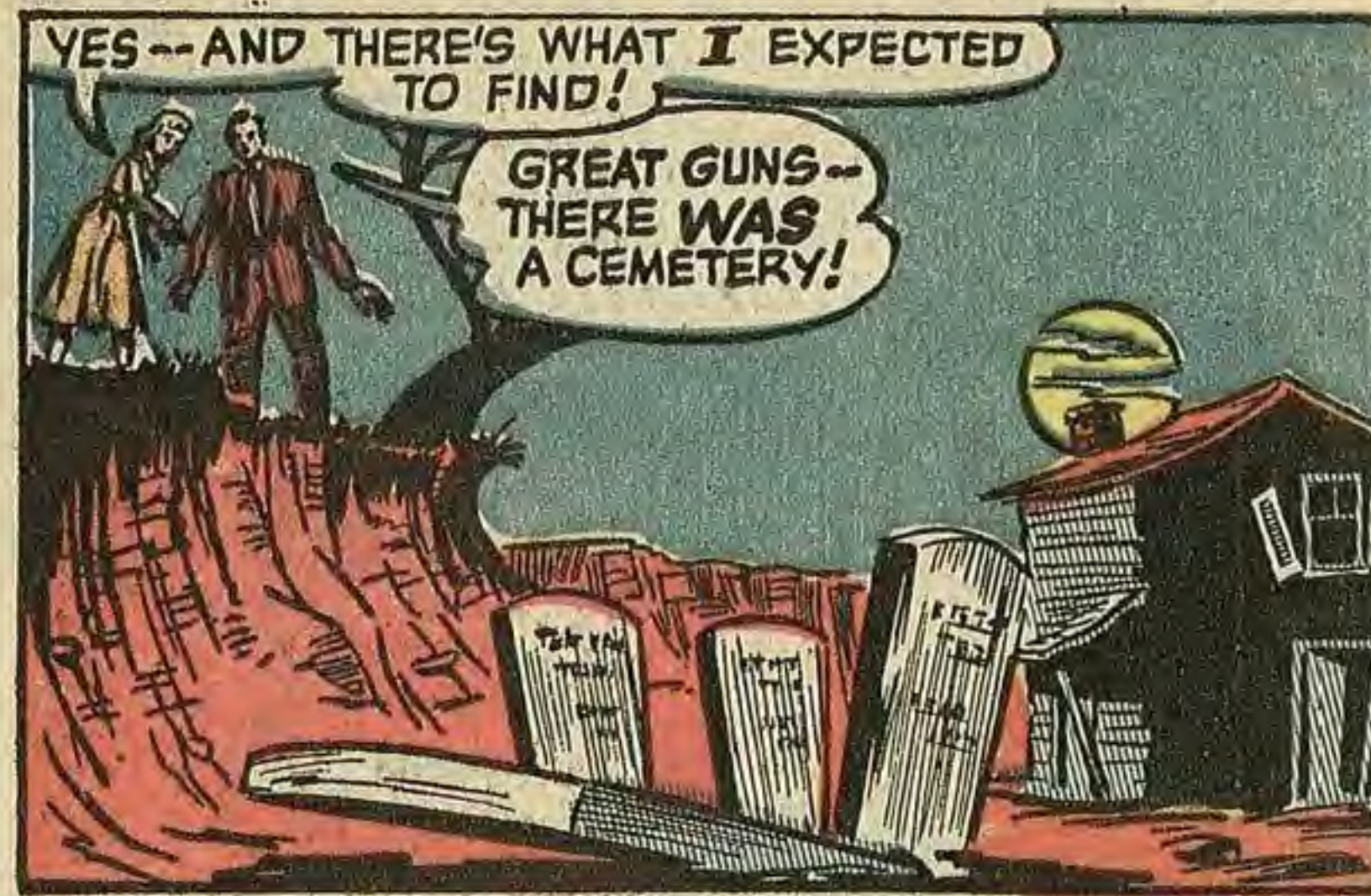
BOOM!



THERE'S JUST WHAT I EXPECTED TO FIND, MARTA -- THE VILLAGE OF THUNDER HOLLOW!



**THEN--WITH THE HOUSES STARK AS UNCOVERED
DEAD IN THE GLISTENING BLACK OOZE--**



**YES--AND THERE'S WHAT I EXPECTED
TO FIND!**

**GREAT GUNS--
THERE WAS
A CEMETERY!**

WITH ALL THE EVIL OF ENDLESS MIDNIGHTS--

**DEATH AND DOOM AND HATE AND HEARSE--
FRIENDS, COME FORTH TO CAST YOUR CURSE!**



**BUT THE SPIRIT OF THE FIRST MAN TO DIE
ESCAPED US -- AND WARNED THE LIVING!
THEY MARKED THE UNHOLY GROUND THAT
COVERED ME -- AND FLOODED
THUNDER HOLLOW TO KEEP
ME IN MY TOMB!**



**DON -- THAT'S THE
SLAB YOU RAISED
WHEN YOU SWAM
UNDERWATER! IT'S
A TOMBSTONE
WITH HIS NAME--
AND IT LEFT AN
IMPRINT ON THAT
SOFT ROCK WHEN
IT TOPPLED!**

**THERE'S NO USE
FOOLING OURSELVES--
THEY'RE NOT ORDINARY
GRAVES! THE MOUNDS
ARE HEAVING -- UP
AND UP -- AND
SOMETHING'S
COMING
OUT!**



**YE GODS -- THERE'S
NO MISTAKING
A THING LIKE THAT!
HE'S THE
EVIL
ONE!**

**THERE WAS NO GRAVE-
YARD IN THUNDER
HOLLOW -- BECAUSE
THE VILLAGERS KNEW
THAT THE SPIRIT OF THE
FIRST PERSON TO BE
BURIED WOULD BE
CLAIMED BY ME! THAT
IS WHY MY FRIENDS AND I
TOOK HUMAN FORM, AND
PRETENDED TO DIE -- SO
THAT ANOTHER GRAVE
WOULD BE DUG
BESIDE US!**



**NO -- KEEP AWAY! WE'RE
ALIVE -- WE'VE GOT
NOTHING ON OUR
CONSCIENCE -- YOU
CAN'T HARM US!**

**IT WAS HIS
ANCESTORS WHO
ROBBED ME OF A
VICTIM -- AND HIS BLOOD
AND YOURS WILL BE
COLD WHEN DAWN
CREEPS OVER
THUNDER HOLLOW!**



DON -- YOU TOLD ME THE GHOSTS WHO TRIED TO WARN US WEREN'T EVIL! WHERE ARE THEY NOW -- WHY DON'T THEY PROTECT US?

THERE THEY ARE -- THE SPIRITS OF THE VILLAGERS WHO TRAPPED THE EVIL ONE -- AND NOW THAT HE'S ESCAPED, THEY'RE POWERLESS! WE'LL NEVER REACH THE CAR, MARTA -- LET'S DUCK INTO THAT HOUSE!



YOU NEED NOT FEAR ME! I AM THE SPIRIT OF DUNCAN FRASER -- THE FIRST OF YOUR ANCESTORS TO DIE IN THUNDER HOLLOW!

GREAT GUNS -- THEN YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WARNED THE REST OF THE VILLAGERS ABOUT THE EVIL ONE!



IT DIDN'T WORK -- AND NOTHING WILL WORK NOW! THEY'RE TRYING TO GET IN!



A MOMENT LATER --

OHH!

SLAM!

YES, IT WAS MY SPIRIT HE MEANT TO CLAIM -- BUT HE MADE THE MISTAKE OF APPEARING BEFORE MY DIMMING EYES AN INSTANT BEFORE I DIED! I WARNED THE LIVING -- AND THEY CARVED THE EVIL ONE'S NAME ON A STONE -- IN MIRROR WRITING AND BACKWARDS, TO SEAL HIM IN HIS GRAVE!



MY WIFE BURNED ASH WOOD WHEN I SPOKE THE EVIL ONE'S NAME IN MY DYING BREATH -- AND IT WAS THE LAST FIRE THAT GLOWED IN THIS HEARTH!





CASE of the SPECTRAL SCHOOLBOY

ONE OF THE MOST STARTLING SUPERNATURAL CASES OF HISTORY IS THAT OF THE GHOST WHO HAUNTED A SCHOOLHOUSE IN MASSACHUSETTS! IF YOU'RE EVER IN THAT STATE, READER, PERHAPS YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE THE **SPECTRAL SCHOOLBOY!**

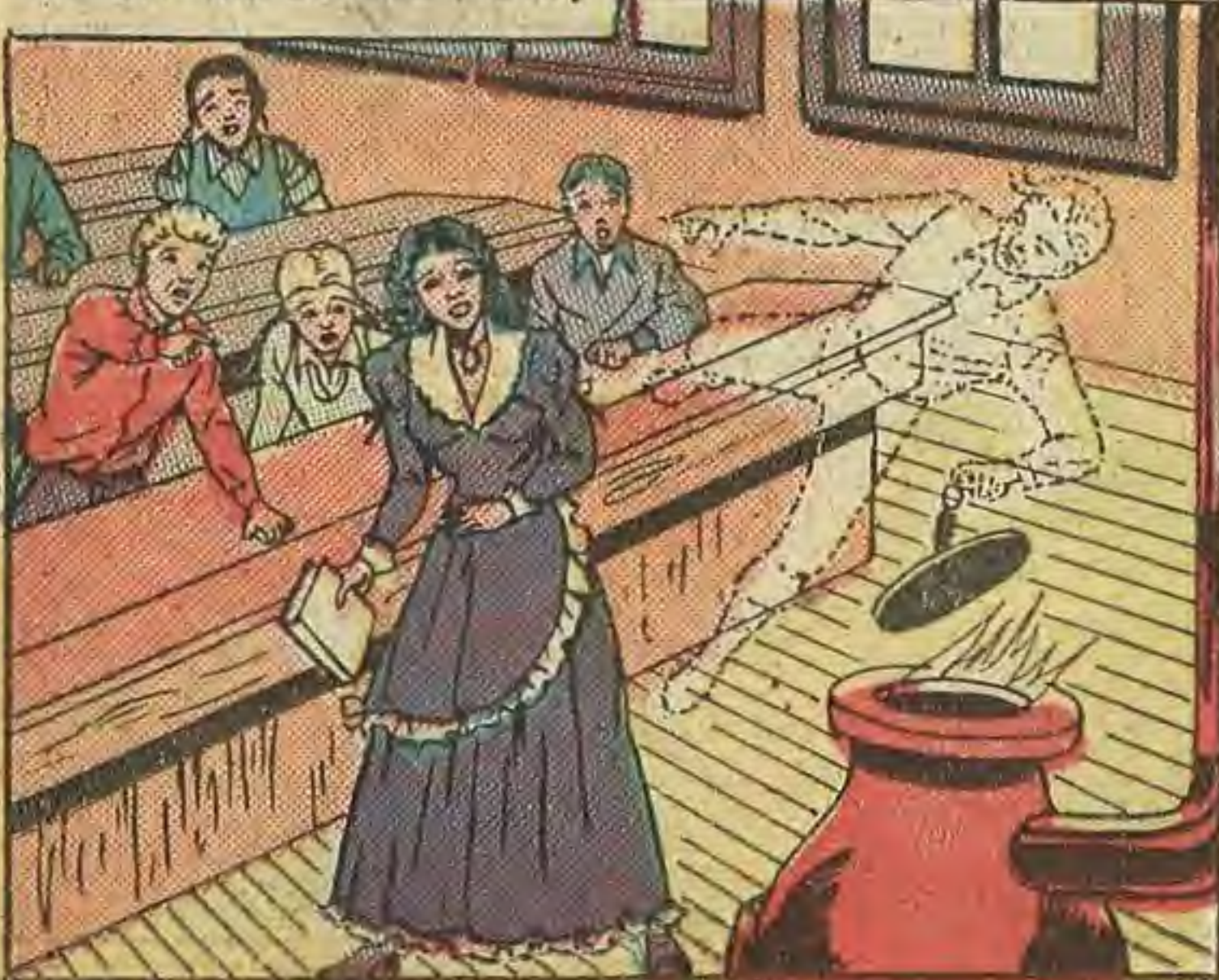
IT ALL BEGAN IN 1859, WHEN A BRUTAL EMPLOYEE IN A SCHOOLHOUSE BEAT A 13-YEAR-OLD BOY MERCILESSLY, AND THEN THREW HIM INTO THE CELLAR, WHERE HE DIED DURING THE NIGHT!



THE MAN FLED TO SAFETY... BUT HE COULDN'T ESCAPE THE WRATH OF THE MURDERED BOY'S **SPRIT!** FOR THIRTEEN YEARS, THE MURDERER WAS PURSUED RELENTLESSLY BY THE GHOST! AND THEN, IN 1871, HIS BODY WAS FOUND AT THE BOTTOM OF A SEA CLIFF... A LOOK OF SHEER TERROR ON HIS FACE!



HIS REVENGE ACCOMPLISHED, THE **SPECTRAL SCHOOLBOY** COULD NOW RETURN TO THE SCENE OF HIS MURDER! IN THE FALL OF 1871, MISS LUCY PARISH AND HER CLASS WERE ASTONISHED AT THE SIGHT OF **INVISIBLE FINGERS** YANKING THE LID OFF THE SCHOOL STOVE!



MISS PARISH TRIED TO CALM HER PUPILS' FEARS... TELLING THEM IT WAS PROBABLY CAUSED BY A SUDDEN SURGE OF HOT AIR!... BUT SHE **COULDN'T** EXPLAIN AWAY THE SIGHT OF HER SCHOOL-BELL BEING WILDLY SHAKEN IN MID-AIR **BY AN INVISIBLE SPRIT!**



BUT THAT WASN'T THE END OF THE GHOST'S PRANKS! A STRANGE CURRENT OF AIR OFTEN APPEARED TO CIRCULATE FURIOUSLY ABOVE THE PUPILS' HEADS---SO THAT THE PAPERS ON THEIR DESKS WERE SUCKED UP INTO THE WHIRLWIND!



THEN, APPARENTLY TIRING OF HIS INVISIBLE TRICKS, THE GHOST STARTED BECOMING VISIBLE---AND 13-YEAR-OLD ABRAHAM LYDSTON WAS THE FIRST TO SEE PART OF THE SPECTER!



MISS PARISH RUSHED TO THE WINDOW... BUT THERE WAS NO TRACE OF ANYONE... OR ANYTHING! THEN, TOWARDS THE END OF OCTOBER, 1872, THE MURDERED BOY'S FACE APPEARED AT THE WINDOW... BUT AS SOON AS THE TEACHER RUSHED TO INVESTIGATE, THE APPARITION DISAPPEARED!



LATER, ON NOVEMBER 1ST, 1872, DURING GEOGRAPHY CLASS... THE STRANGE SPECTER MATERIALIZED FULLY FOR THE FIRST TIME!



WHEN NO ANSWER CAME, MISS PARISH SCREWED UP HER COURAGE AND ADVANCED ON THE SPECTER! IT RETREATED UP THE STAIRS, WAS FINALLY TRAPPED IN A CORNER OF THE ATTIC! BUT WHEN THE TEACHER REACHED OUT TO GRASP THE BOY---

OHH! HE... HE'S TRANSPARENT!...MY HANDS GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM! ALL I'M TOUCHING IS...AIR!



GRINNING, THE GHOST VANISHED!...BUT IT RETURNED THE FOLLOWING FRIDAY---THIS TIME, WITH TWO GHOSTLY PLAYMATES!



EARLY IN 1873, THE GHOST APPARENTLY TIRED OF HIS SPECTRAL GAMES---AND DEPARTED FOR SOME OTHER WORLD! BUT OCCASIONALLY, IT IS SAID, THE SPECTRAL SCHOOLBOY RETURNS TO PAY A VISIT TO THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE --- BEFORE HE LEAVES AGAIN FOR THE VAST UNKNOWN!



The FROZEN SPECTER

THE SERGEANT HERE DISCOVERED THE HOUSE HAD A SUB-CELLAR AND CAME ON THIS VICTIM OF A NAZI EXPERIMENT IN FREEZING HUMANS!

HE MUST'VE BEEN PUT IN THE TANK AND FORGOTTEN--PROBABLY AT THE TIME THE NAZIS SURRENDERED!

AND THE FREEZING MACHINERY KEPT ON WORKING ALL THESE YEARS--**BRRRRR!**



DEEP DOWN IN THE SUB-BASEMENT OF A HOUSE IN WESTERN GERMANY, THEY FOUND HIM-- FROZEN IN A TANK SOLID WITH ICE! **DEAD?** OF COURSE HE WAS DEAD, AND HAD BEEN FOR YEARS! YET, IN A MATTER OF HOURS, THE ICY CORPSE MYSTERIOUSLY **VANISHED--** AND **LIEUTENANT SAM CARSE** OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE FOUND HIMSELF INVOLVED IN THE MOST TERRIFYING CASE OF HIS WHOLE CAREER--AS HE WENT ON THE TRAIL OF **THE FROZEN SPECTER!**

I KNEW MILITARY INTELLIGENCE FELLOWS WERE INTERESTED IN RUNNING DOWN THE NAZI DOCTOR WHO DIRECTED THIS SORT OF THING--WHATEVER HIS NAME IS!

DR. KARL SCHMIDT--YEAH! WE SURE WOULD LIKE TO GET OUR HANDS ON THAT WAR CRIMINAL--HE WAS ONE OF THE MOST FIENDISH!

I DON'T SEE HOW THIS POOR SOUL'S GOING TO HELP YOU FIND SCHMIDT, LIEUTENANT, IN THE SHAPE HE'S IN!

IT--IT'S WEIRD--HE LOOKS ALMOST ALIVE, AS IF HE COULD STEP RIGHT OUT AND--AND HUNT DOWN SCHMIDT HIMSELF!





HOW ABOUT IT, DOC--
COULD THE FREEZING
HAVE KEPT HIM IN
**SUSPENDED
ANIMATION?**

RELAX ON THAT
STUFF, LIEUTENANT!
I'VE WORKED OVER
PLENTY OF CADAVER-
ERS--AND HE'S
DEADER THAN ANY
OF 'EM!



TAKE HIM
TO THE
FUNERAL
HOME,
SERGEANT!

HMMMM--THERE'S A NUMBER
STENCILLED ON HIS ARM! I SHOULD
BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY HIM FROM
THE NAZI PRISON RECORDS
WE HAVE!

AT HEADQUARTERS, LIEUTENANT SAM
CARSE SEARCHES THROUGH THE RECORDS--



YEP, HERE IT IS--THE
DEAD MAN'S **GUSTAV
FESSNER--HEY!** THAT'S
THE SCIENTIST WHO DID SO
MUCH RESEARCH ON **SUP-
ERNATURAL
PHENOMENA!**

WELL, HE SHOULD
KNOW WHAT
THE SCORE IS
ON THAT
SUBJECT NOW!

WHILE, AT THE FUNERAL
HOME--



SURE IS **COLD** IN HERE!
MUST BE ON
ACCOUNT OF
HIM!

BET HE'S GLAD TO GET A
CHANCE TO THAW OUT!--



UGGGGG!

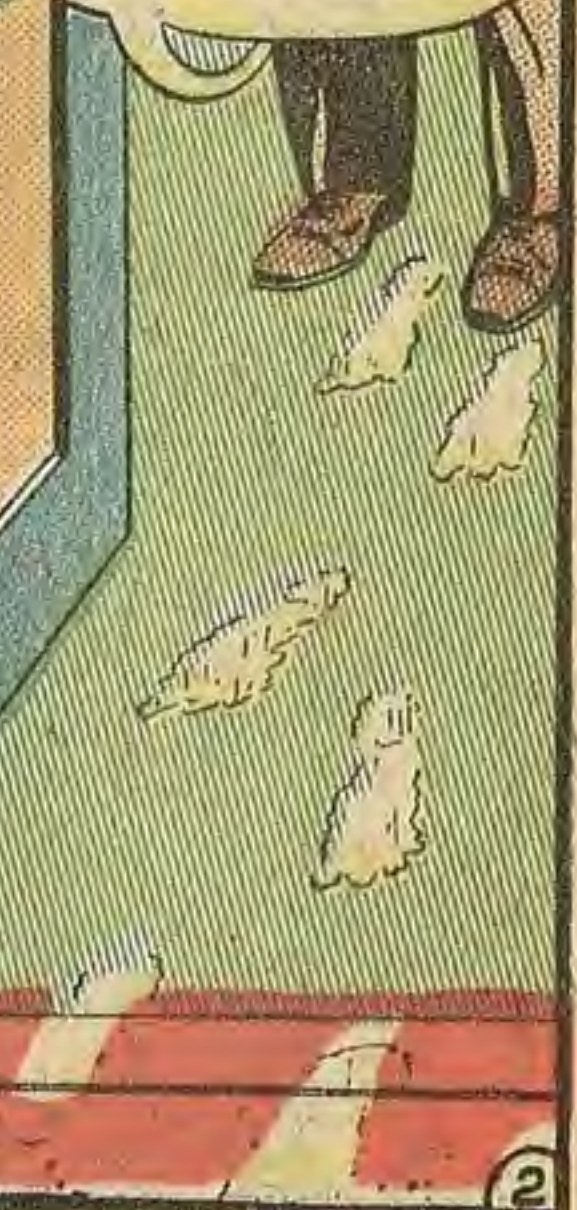
A FEW MINUTES LATER, SAM ENTERS THE FUNERAL HOME...

FESSNER'S BODY--IT'S
GONE! WHAT HAPPENED,
MAN?



HANDS--**ICY** HANDS
CHOKED ME! I LOST
CONSCIOUSNESS! IT
WAS AS IF THAT--
THAT **CORPSE** HAD
'ATTACKED ME--

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE
--BUT, **GOOD
HEAVENS!** MARKS
OF **WET FEET!**



THEIR TENSION MOUNTS, AS THEY SEARCH FOR FESSNER'S MISSING BODY--

A DEAD MAN JUST *COULDN'T* GET OUT OF HIS COFFIN AND WALK AWAY--YET, *WHO* CHOKED THAT ATTENDANT? AND *WHO* LEFT THOSE FOOTPRINTS?



I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! UNLESS SOMEONE IS PLAYING A GHOULISH TRICK--

TELL THIS OFFICER ABOUT IT!

ACH! IT-- IT IS CRAZY I AM GOING!



WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?

N--NOT MORE THAN HALF AN HOUR AGO, HERR LIEUTENANT, I WAS LYING DOWN--SUDDENLY I FELT AN AWFUL *CHILL* IN THE ROOM!

"I WAS ALL ALONE--YET ICY FINGERS FASTENED ON MY THROAT, AND A TERRIBLE VOICE SPOKE!"

WHERE IS DR. *KARL SCHMIDT*? YOU WERE HIS HOUSE-KEEPER--WHERE IS HE?

I--I HAVEN'T SEEN THE DOCTOR SINCE THE END OF THE WAR, WHEN AMERICAN OFFICERS CAME LOOKING FOR HIM!

"I WAS TERRIFIED! AND THOSE ICY FINGERS PRESSED IN HARDER, SO THAT I COULD SCARCELY SPEAK!"

SO THE *SCHWEINHUND* ESCAPED! HE IS HIDING! TELL ME *WHERE*!

I--I DON'T--KNOW! HIS ONLY--RELATIVE IS A BROTHER--ALSO A DOCTOR! HE LIVES--IN AMERICA--IN MILWAUKEE--

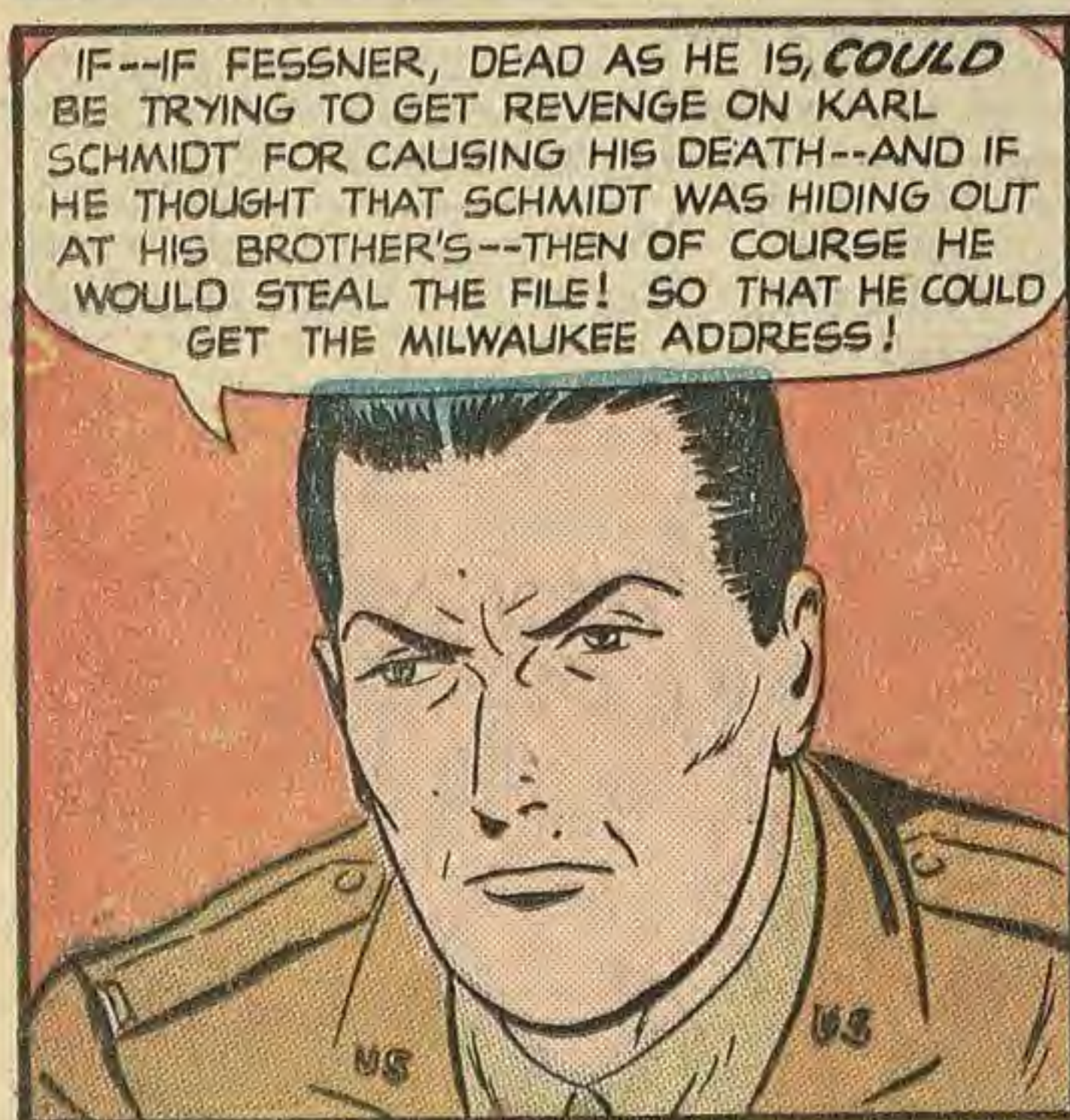


THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

THE CHILL LEFT THE ROOM--BUT, HERR LIEUTENANT! I SAW MARKS OF *WET FEET* LEADING TO THE DOOR!!

IF IT ISN'T ONE STORY WITH YOU PEOPLE, IT'S ANOTHER--BUT STILL, IT *IS* STRANGE! ANYHOW, I'LL LOOK UP *SCHMIDT*'S FILE--IT'LL PROBABLY GIVE HIS BROTHER'S ADDRESS IN MILWAUKEE, AND WE'LL INVESTIGATE!







LATER, AT THE MILWAUKEE AIRPORT--

WE'VE INVESTIGATED AND
CLEARED QUITE A NUMBER
OF DR. SCHMIDTS AND
DR. SMITHS, LIEUTENANT
--HERE'S THE LIST WITH
THOSE NAMES CROSSED
OFF!

I'LL TAKE
OVER ON
THE REST
PERSON-
ALLY! GOT
A CAR FOR
ME?



SURE HAVE!
RIGHT OVER
HERE--

WAIT A
MINUTE!
WHAT'S
THIS?



IF DR. KARL SCHMIDT READS
THAT ACCOUNT, HE MAY BE
HARDER TO FIND THAN EVER!
--TAKE ME TO THE CAR--
I'VE GOT TO **HURRY!**



TEN DOCTORS LATER--

BLAST IT! I'LL
NEVER FIND HIM
AT THIS RATE--
WHAT THE--



NO--**NO!** I
HAVE NO BROTHER
NAMED KARL
SCHMIDT! **GO
AWAY!**

I THINK YOU
HAVE, DOCTOR!
I'M FROM ARMY
INTELLIGENCE--
YOU'D BETTER
TELL THE
TRUTH!

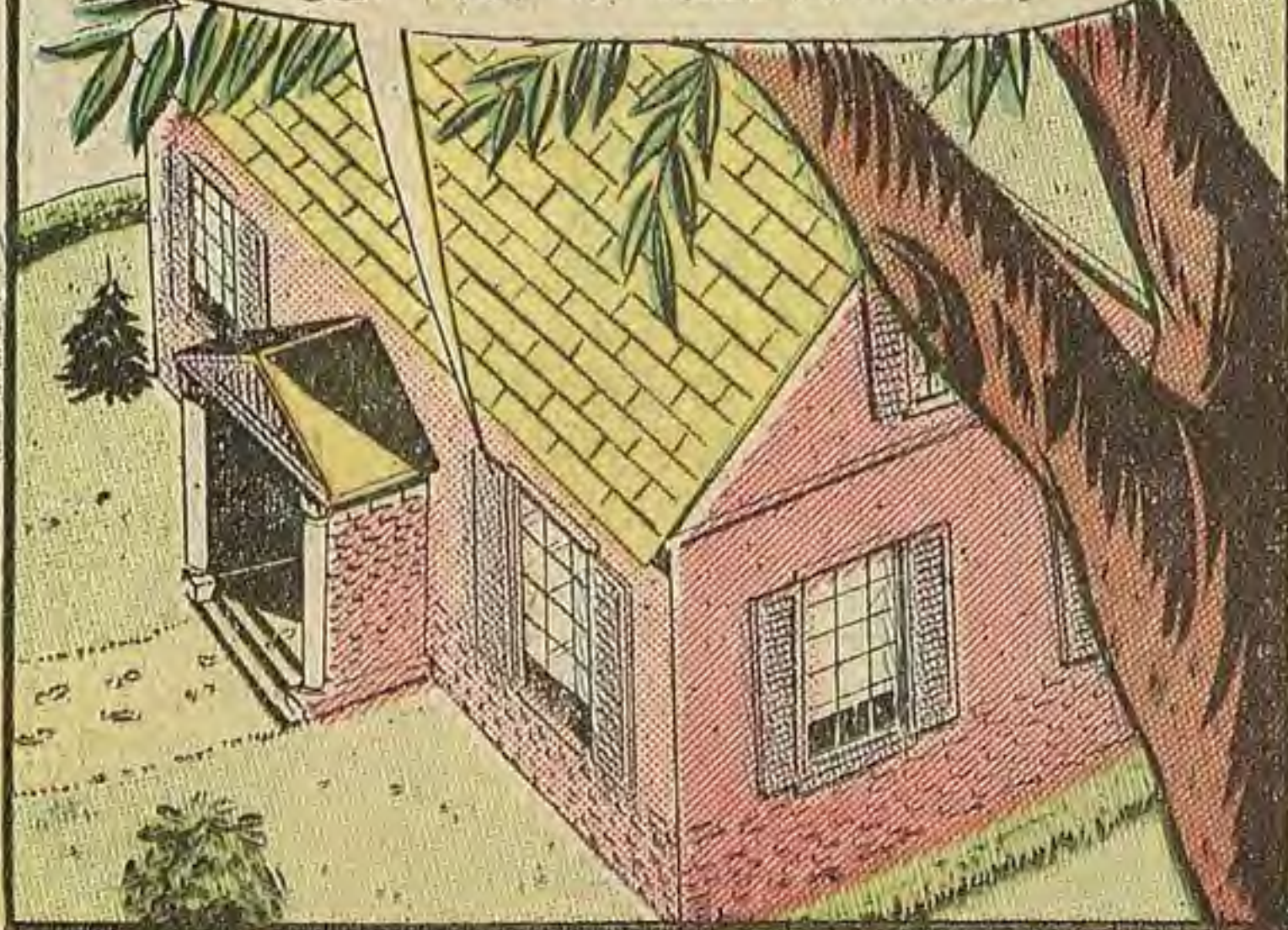


YES! KARL IS MY BROTHER
--HE'S BEEN HIDING HERE--
FORCED ME TO TAKE HIM
IN!

WHERE IS
HE? **TELL
ME!**



THIS AFTERNOON HE READ A NEWSPAPER
ACCOUNT OF A **CORPSE DISAPPEARING
IN GERMANY!** HE HURRIEDLY PACKED
A BAG AND DROVE AWAY--SAID HE
WAS GOING TO MY **SUMMER PLACE,**
BUT NOT TO TELL ANYONE!



HE'D BEEN GONE HALF AN HOUR--WHEN
THE FRONT DOOR OPENED! NOBODY WAS
THERE, BUT I--I FELT A TERRIBLE CHILL--
COLD, CLAMMY HANDS SEIZED MY THROAT
AND A VOICE ASKED
ME WHERE KARL
WAS!





The End

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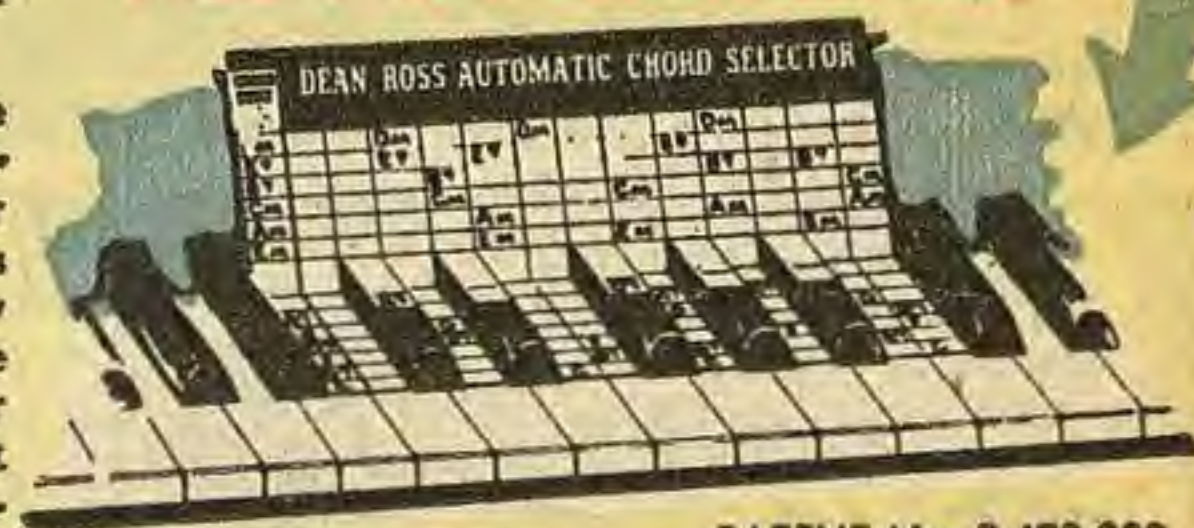
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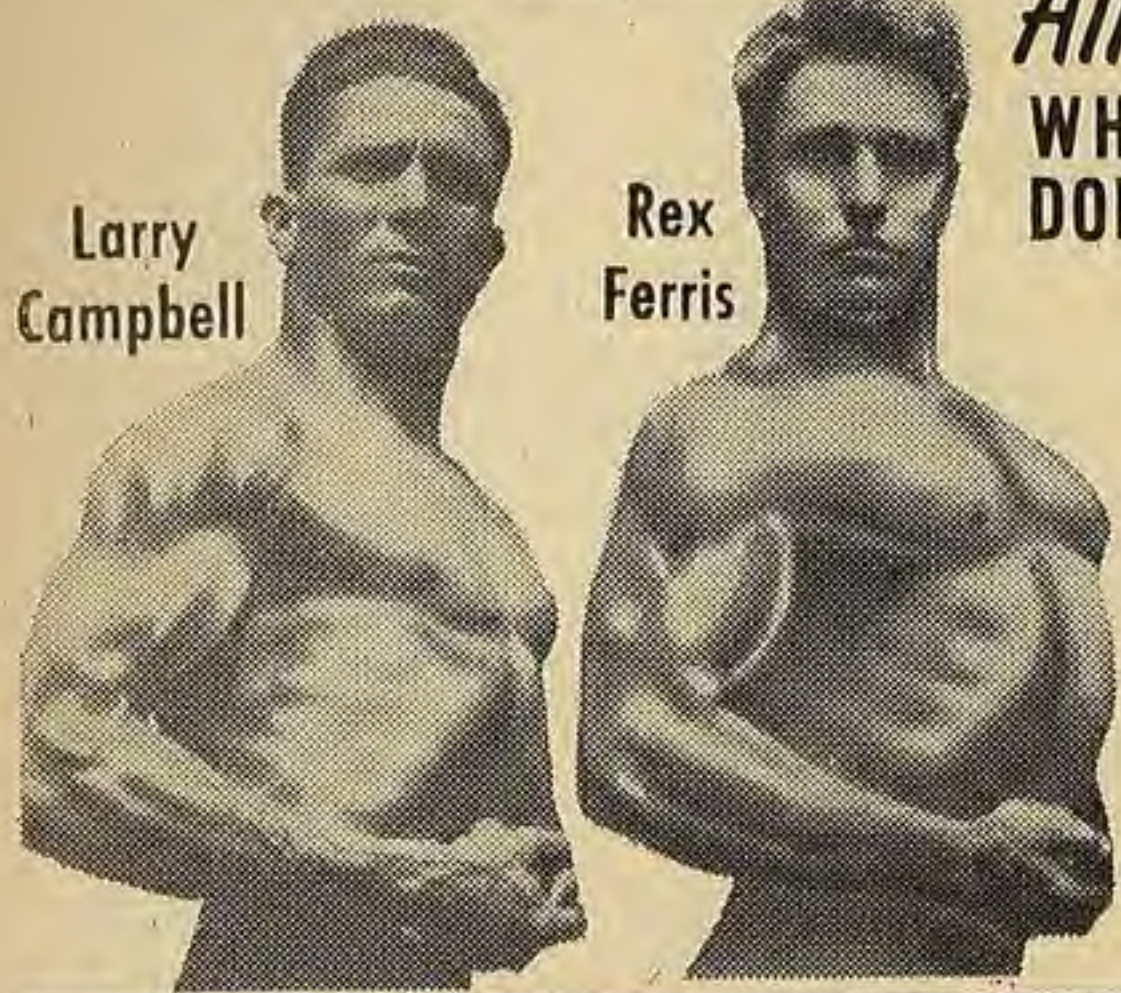
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